THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

REPUBLICAN STATE NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
HENRY RAWLE.

COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

FOR SHERIFF,
DAVID GLENN.

FOR TREASURER,
GEO. A. BAYARD.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
H. A. SNYDER.

FOR REGISTER,
JOHN A. LEHR.

FOR RECORDER,
R. C. NEAL.

FOR COMMISSIONERS,
ANDREW GREGG,
W. W. ROGERS.

FOR CORONER,
E. A. RUSSELL.

FOR AUDITORS,
JAMES B. CURTIN,
WILLIAM McFARLAN.

Republican Executive Committee.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre county, for the ensuing year:

Bellefonte, John G Love, Chairman
" Capt R B Barger, Secretary
" N. W.—Isaac Mitchell
" S. W.—J D Miller
" W. W.—S D Gray
Milesburg borough, D P Shope, Milesburg
Howard borough, Wm H Neff, Howard
Philipsburg borough, Henry Stockbridge, Philipsburg
Unionville borough, Dr E A Russell, Fleming
Benner township, Capt C Dale, Bellefonte
Boggs township, Capt Austin Curtin, Roland
Burnside township, Dr M Stewart, Moshannon
Curtin township, John A Daily, Howard
Ferguson township, Jonathan Hess, Pine Grove Mills
Gregg Township, Jacob Bitner, Penn Hall
Haines' township, Daniel Rhote, Aaronsburg
Half Moon township, Simon Sellers, Half Moon
Harris township, George Jack, Boalsburg
Howard township, Jonathan Shank, Howard
Huston township, John Spear Thompson, Martha Furnace
Liberty township, W F Courter, Blanchard
Marion township, R K Wilson, Walker
Miles township, B H Strohecker, Rebersburg
Patton township, W F Thompson, Buffalo Run
Penn township, J W Snook, Millheim
Potter township, James M Thompson, Potter's Mills
Rush township, D M Bilger, Philipsburg
Snow Shoe township, Capt C P Stonecroad, Snow Shoe
Spring township, Capt Henry Eckenroth, Pleasant Gap
Taylor township Capt Geo Campbell, Olivia
Union township, Peter H Bush, Fleming
Walker township, Henry McEwen, Rubliersburg
Worth township, Alexander Chaney, Port Matilda.

THE *Watchman* has been circulating a story that the doors of Governor Hartranft's stable are made of walnut, and are very costly, which were built at the expense of the taxpayers of the State.

The manner in which the editor of the *Watchman* has been enabled to get up this story is as follows: Mr. Meek was in Harrisburg some time ago, and in the course of his travels around the streets, in company with some old friends, he noticed an engine house, and made inquiry of a fireman to know what kind of a building it was, to which the fireman replied, that it was Governor Hartranft's stable. Mr. Meek's eye-sight not being very good, especially on this occasion, he was very easily imposed upon; hence this story in the *Watchman*.

The doors of the Governor's stable are made of oak, and painted with the common fire-proof paint, and they were there at the time of his election.

ONE of the questions to be decided by the wolves and lambs who will represent Centre and Clinton counties to-day at Erie, is, whether a man, who, when visiting Harrisburg, is not able to distinguish the difference between a city engine house and the Governor's State House, should be considered a proper person to succeed Senator Wallace in the State Senate.

—A. Williams, Esq., Prothonotary, has the rheumatics so bad, that he can hardly walk about. Old age is dark and unlovely.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS OF MR. LINCOLN.

The following extract from a letter written by President Lincoln, Aug. 26, 1863, will be read with interest. It brings vividly before the mind the many obstacles which were placed in the way of those who were devoted to the Union. Mr. Lincoln could do nothing to strengthen the army, or encourage the country, without drawing upon himself the fire of Democratic criticism. The patience with which he endured it, the noble magnanimity with which he answered it, the hopeful spirit which lifted him above its range, are all shown in the following language:

"You say you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight for you; but no matter. Fight you then, exclusively, to save the Union. I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that, in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motives, even the promise of freedom. And the promise being made, must be kept.

The signs look better. The father of waters again goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great Northwest for it; nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a helping hand. On the spot, their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one, and let no one be slighted who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and well done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and on many fields of less note. Nor must Uncle Sam's web feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present, not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp they have been and made their tracks. Thanks to all. For the Republic—for the principle it lives by and keeps alive—for man's vast future—thanks to all.

"Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such an appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. There will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clinched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it.

"Still let us not be over sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just GOD, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result."

SOMEBODY once said that it was better to say foolish things upon important matters than to remain silent. The local organ of the Democracy has been caught with, and is trying to carry out, this idea.

THE COST OF CRIME.

The history of the Centre county court week before last, is one that will long be remembered by those interested, whether written or otherwise. The fact of ten men, the majority of whom, perhaps, are in their teens, having been convicted of crime at the same court and sentenced to serve different periods of servitude in the penitentiary during the same day, is a circumstance not to be sneezed at. One would be led to suppose that our usually quiet town had lately fallen into the hands of thieves and become a den of iniquity. While we are not willing to admit that this is the fact, yet it is well enough to view the matter calmly and see why "this is thus."

This is the third year of our sojourn in Bellefonte. During the first two years it was our painful duty to chronicle, occasionally, that a boy had been arrested, and imprisoned perhaps for twenty-four or forty-eight hours. We admit that this was humiliating, but we have yet to learn that it was not beneficial to the boy. Parents would complain that the borough father was too severe, but the boys seemed to heed the lesson, for we scarcely ever heard of petty thefts in those days. If it was so, they were traced to older and more experienced hands. We do not call to mind a single instance that a boy, during the years 1873 and 1874, from Bellefonte, who was charged with or convicted in our court of any serious crime. The fact that eight persons have been convicted in our court the same week, six of whom were born in our town, is an unusual, if not a sad occurrence. Some are disposed to charge the fault on the parents. There is no doubt that this is true to a certain extent, but we charge the fault to a majority of the voters, who are not all parents. When the majority of the voters took interest enough in our borough affairs to elect good and respectable men to the chief executive office of our town, they set a good example; but when they allowed themselves to elevate to the chief office the man whose iniquities is a stain on good society, they set a monstrous example, and the boys whose misfortune it is to be incarcerated are paying the penalty of the voters' folly.

ON Monday last, the scalpers of the Centre county Modoc Democracy, the leaders of which are P. Gray Meek and C. T. Alexander, the latter, late independent candidate for Congress, left here by invitation, as they allege, of the Lock Haven Mackeyites, travel with them, by special train, to the Erie Convention, which assembles to-day.

It is understood that this invitation is more in the interest of Noyce, than it is as a compliment to the invited guests, for the reason, that Meek claims to control the Centre county delegates to the Erie Convention. He may control J. F. Weaver, but not the Hon. J. G. Meyer, who has already substituted Major Forster, who is Noyce all over, whether it benefits Meek's chances for the Senate or otherwise. Meek is good on a trade, but he seems to lack in material on this occasion, for it is well understood, that he would insist upon the Centre county delegates voting for any candidate at Erie that Clinton county shall dictate, provided, Clinton county will vote for him as their Senatorial candidate. Will Sir Richard submit?

A MAN who is capable of beating a competitor of his own party for nomination, by means of forged letters and anonymous letters of his own manufacture, for the sake of dragging innocent parties into the controversy, is not the man to trust to make laws to govern the good people of this Commonwealth. Such a man is P. Gray Meek.

REV. G. W. MILLER.—The Clinton *Republican*, pulishes a full column report of a sermon delivered by Rev. G. W. Miller, of this place, at the Wayne camp-meeting, on Sunday, August 22, prefacing the same with the following complimentary remarks:

We were particularly pleased with the sermon of Rev. G. W. Miller, of Bellefonte, on Sunday afternoon. It was a gem among the many, and he well sustained the reputation of being one of the ablest and most eloquent men in the Central Pa. Conference."

OUR ASSOCIATED PRESS LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept 8, 1875.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Careful estimates made by the European agents of the steamship lines crossing the Atlantic ocean, and by the commissioners appointed to represent European countries, at our exhibition of next year, fix the number of foreign visitors from Europe at 100,000. These people will, in all probability, remain in this country on an average of not less than four months, or 120 days. During that time they will visit many parts of the United States, spending not less than ten dollars per day. Therefore, the money these foreigners will bring into this country and leave with us, may be safely set down at $120,000,000, scattered pretty well over the entire country. This, of course, does not include any investments they may make in real estate, gold, silver, iron or coal mining interests, or in manufacturing industries. I mention this fact, so that when these people from abroad do come here—very many of whom will be capitalists, seeking profitable investments—you may be prepared to present to them the advantages possessed by your section.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

We shipped from Philadelphia to foreign ports during the past week, 1,231,698 gallons petroleum, 81,346 bu. corn, 190,000 lbs. tallow, 948,000 lbs. bacon, 88,000 lbs. cheese, 37,200 lbs. beef, 74,000 lbs. lard, 310,720 lbs. tobacco leaf, 83,000 bu. wheat, $3,835 worth of chemicals, $11,748 of raw hides, $25,380 of leather, $2,514 of hair, $4,275 of canned fruit, $2,642 of drugs, 7,500 gallons molasses, and a fine assortment of sewing machines, machinery, etc.

OUR CALIFORNIA TRADE.

A short time ago some of our enterprising citizens secured a fast-sailing clipper ship, and engaged Mr. H. H. Gregg & Co., shipping agents, to load her for the San Francisco markets. In about ten days a valuable cargo, consisting mostly of hard woods, coal oil, coal, iron in bars, machinery, etc., was secured and the vessel sent on her way with colors flying. In order to complete the line two other such clippers have been secured, and will rapidly follow the "Centennial," the pioneer of our line of direct traders between Philadelphia and San Francisco. These ships, in returning, will bring canned fruits, wools and wines from California, and coffees, teas and spices, that reach her shores from China and Japan.

Mr. Gregg is deserving of great commendation for thus opening a golden market for the products of our soil and mines, and the handiwork of our mechanics. He is also about making arrangements to establish a line of steamships between this city and Rotterdam; and I am glad to be able to inform your farmer readers, whose pork, and corn, and wheat, will doubtless help to freight these ships, that the prospects for such a line of steamers are very flattering.

A DEFALTER.

Mr. Robert W. Mackey, State Treasurer of Penna., may be all that he is represented to be by the press of his native State, but if placed in contrast with the State Treasurer of New Jersey he looms up a pretty respectable personage. The name of the Jersey fellow is Josephus Sooy, a Jew in religion, and a thief and libertine in practice.

Mr. Sooy robbed his State of about $75,000, came over to this city from Trenton, and with this stolen cash purchased jewelry and silk dresses for a couple of the filthiest old harlots in Philadelphia. When apprehended by our detectives, he was found in a house of ill fame, he and the disreputable old blisters, found in the house with him, all drunk on Golden Seal Champagne, the highest priced wine we have.

No man in Pennsylvania was more bitterly opposed to the election of Mr. Mackey than the writer, but when I saw this thief and carnalist led a captive through our streets I felt proud of the decorum and integrity, as a public officer, of Pennsylvania's State Treasurer.

CHARLEY ROSS.

Our criminal courts have been engaged for several days in trying a man named Westervelt, as an accomplice in the abduction of little Charley Brewster Ross. The fellow Westervelt is a brother-in-law of Moser, the burglar that was shot at Bay Ridge in an attempt to commit a robbery at the house of Judge VanBrunt of the New York bar.

It is in evidence that for several months, while Westervelt was pretending to aid the authorities in their search for Moser and his companion, he was in constant communication with both Moser and Douglass, his companion in the abduction of the child, covering them in their hidings from the police detectives. Westervelt may not know where the child is, but his conviction is absolutely requisite as a warning to those who contemplate leading a life of general cussedness.

WOMENS' WORK.

There is in this City a firm named Southwick, McCay & Co., comprised entirely of women, who make less noise in a year than Susan B. Anthony or Annie Dickinson, with her gush, do in a single evening, and yet these three women do more real good in one hour than all the Susan B's and her kidney do in a century. Southwick, McCay & Co. are book binders, the greater part of whose business is pamphlet binding, and so great is the amount of work done by them that they have on an average about 45 hands. It is no trifling matter to manage an establishment so large, and yet no business of any kind in this city is conducted any more systematically or satisfactorily to those for whom they do work.

As this house do not care to increase their facilities, and having all the work they can do, this is not intended as an advertisement, but is intended to show how useful women can be when their course in life is not wrongly directed like the Woodhulls, Anthony, et al.

DR. H. T. HELMBOLD.

The truth concerning this gentleman's alleged lunacy, is about as follows: Having failed in business, he soon found himself in bankruptcy courts; and if there is anything calculated to annoy a man with an exceedingly active temperament, like Dr. Helmbold, it is the slow process of bankruptcy proceedings; and occasionally, when his case is not before the court, and the Doctor is in the company of agreeable companions, he indulges too freely in the use of alcoholic stimulants. In order to give his mind rest and quiet, and to remove him from the evil influence of pretended friends, his wife placed him in Kirkbride's Hospital, where he remained two or three weeks, and appeared greatly improved. From there he and his wife went to Long Branch—the worst place to which they could have gone—and, amidst the gayeties of the place, and persuasion of friends, the Doctor indulged too freely in champagne, and the result was he was brought back here to be nursed.

So far as his sanity is concerned, no man is more sane than Dr. H. T. Helmbold, but he has to be brought from the quiet and seclusion of this famous retreat for the mind-afflicted, in order that a fledgling lawyer, who obtained a power of attorney from him, may make a case, or secure a victim. Young Derringer, the lawyer who brings the Doctor before the courts on a habeas corpus, is scarcely twenty-two years of age, and what his object is in acting thus in this matter, passes my comprehension, especially, as Mrs. Helmbold proposed taking the Doctor out of the retreat next week.

It is due to Mr. Lewis C. Cassidy, who was chosen a delegate to the Erie Convention, to state that he has declined to serve as such, and has so notified the President of the Convention which elected him.

J. W. F.

POLITICAL NOTES.

—The Bellefonte *Watchman* deserves a place up head in the Democratic rank of liars. Its lie is that Governor Hartranft had walnut doors, at a cost of over $1,000, made for the horse stable of the Executive Mansion, which were paid for by Treasurer Mackey out of the State funds. This is the boldest lie of the campaign, so far, and is as silly as bold. Everybody knows that all expenditures for the Government buildings are made on the recommendation of the Committees on Public Buildings of the two Houses of the legislature; that those committees are composed of Republicans, and that they make personal inspection of the premises before recommending appropriations. There are no such doors on the stable nor has there been any repairs made to the building for several years.—[Blair County Radical.

—The school vacation rapidly approaches its close, and we soon will have the educational institutions in full activity. The children have grown generally tired of vacation, and are eager for school days to come again. It argues well for our schools that, however ready the children may be to enjoy their summer vacation, they are equally ready, when it is ended, to come back to the scenes of study, and engage again in the work of the school room.

—The Bummers have been successful in Cincinnati in their efforts to control the Democratic nominations. They nominated Geghan, the author of the celebrated Geghan bill, for the Legislature, on the first ballot, and they made the rest of the ticket to correspond. When Cary and Bill Allen head the ticket, it is but reasonable to expect that men of their class should be associated with them.

—One of the constitutional amendments voted upon by the people of New Jersey yesterday prohibits grants of aid to corporations, or the diversion of public funds, State or local, to the support of any private charitable institution. This is an important amendment, and has probably carried, notwithstanding the bitter opposition of the Roman Catholic priesthood and the Ultramontane wing of the Democratic party.

—The question of admitting colored children to the public schools of New York was to be argued before the Supreme Court of that State next Monday. The decision will be looked for with great interest.

—The next annual meeting of the Veteran Club of Centre County will be held in Boalsburg, on the 17th of this month. Extensive preparations are going forward and the occasion promises to be a big thing.

STATE ITEMS.

—Three quacks practicing medicine at Bethlehem without diplomas, have been arrested and sent to jail.

—Mr. Walker Stephens, of Berks county ninety years old, was out in the field last week driving the mowing machine.

—A "pretty young girl" was arrested in Reading on charge of fast driving, and running over a little boy, breaking his leg.

—A Philadelphia sporting club has purchased an extensive tract of land along the Delaware river, and intends erecting a club-house, rifle range, etc., upon it.

—Mark T. Warne, of Easton, sold a pair of Hambletonian trotters to Colonel Baldwin, of California, last week for $20,000 in gold. They were equal to 2: 30 on a fair race course.

—Mrs. Wanser, of Tioneata, fell upon the ice last winter and sprained her right wrist, which was the supposed cause of a running sore. The other day the arm broke by its own weight.

—The inauguration of Rev. L. I. Hays, as Principal of the Cumberland Valley State Normal School at Shippensburg, took place on Monday. It is expected that the new principal will give new life to the school.

—There will be a fair representation of William Penn's treaty with the Delaware Indians on the banks of the Swatara, in the borough of Middletown, on Friday next. The Delawares and other tribes will be represented in full costume.

—A truthful Marietta man conceived the idea of pushing a boat swiftly along the shore and securing the black bass as they leaped into the boat. He tried the experiment on Monday and caught seventy-five before he had gone a mile.

—On Tuesday evening an Allentown boy boarded a Valley coal train, fell between the bumpers to the track, curled himself up pretzel shape till the train passed, and then flitted home to reconcile things when papa should hear the story.

—Last Friday, at Bethel, Mercer county Mary Ann Rowe attempted to light a fire with oil, when the can burst and her clothes became instantly ignited, burning her so badly that she died in six hours after the accident.

—A correspondent of the Reading *Eagle*, at Kerhyville, writes that the potato bugs are more numerous at present than ever before in that and adjoining townships. They come in foot paths, upon streets, and even some have been found in houses, and are a great annoyance. When the potatoes are unearthed the bugs creep at them, and in a short time eat holes in them and disfigure them. They are making holes in the ground at present, into which they creep and lay eggs for next year. Many bugs are found in the ground around the roots of the potatoes, and as soon as the leaves and vines are all eaten up they eat the potatoes in the earth.

—The Secretary of the Treasury appears confident that the Syndicate will take all the remaining five per cents. by the first of next November. In case they do the negotiation of the new four and a half per cents. will be at once begun.

COUNTERFEITING IN MISSOURI.—Some eight years ago, Brown, Weber & Graham, wholesale druggists in St. Louis, were doing the largest business in the State of Missouri. Among other goods they sold large quantities of Speer's Port grape wine, which is pronounced the purest wine in the market. In 1868 one or two of the members of the firm conceived the idea of getting up a counterfeit of this wine by making a cheap mixture of flavoring ingredients, with whiskey and water, and called it wine. With this stuff they filled several thousand bottles, put on a counterfeit label of Speer's wine, and a counterfeit of Mr. Alfred Speer's signature over the cork, and supplied a majority of the retail druggists throughout the country west of the Mississippi River, who purchased it of B., W. & G. as Speer's genuine Port grape wine. The trick was not discovered until the consumers returned the stuff to their druggist as not fit for use. Hearing of this in 1869, Mr. Speer at once went from New Jersey to St. Louis, employed detectives, and traced the headquarters for dealing in this imitation of his wine to the place of Brown, Weber & Graham. He commenced suit for $50,000.00 damages in the United States Court. Such deception on the part of this house caused them to loose their business, and before the trial came off the firm failed, and became worthless. This stuff is now out of existence, having spoiled and burst the bottles, so that none is to be found in the market. The large yield from the New Jersey vineyards the last few years has enabled Mr. Speer to reduce the price of his wine. His New Jersey Port is far superior to any heretofore put in the market; none of which is bottled until four years old. It is prescribed by physicians as the best and most reliable wine to be had. Most druggists throughout the country sell Speer's Port grape wine.—*Independent.*

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

Poetry.

One Flash of Lightening.

The battered ship was nearing home,
Still strong and brave as though no gale
Had reached her decks with briny foam
And stained her timbers, keel to rail.

Then rose a hurricane, with seas
That were as thunder when they broke
Upon her, and her live-oak knees
Were wrenched by each successive stroke.

Yet, with her masts and spars intact,
She seemed a staunch seaworthy, ship;
So no sail hailed her, and, in fact,
She might have made her port that trip.

But one appalling lightening flash
Splintered her stately masts and spars,
And sent them whirling, with a crash,
Down on the superstitious tars.

Then an abandoned hulk she lay,
Huge, black, and spectral in the night—
Forbiding, even in the day—
A solemn, most unwelcome sight.

That hulk has since been on the ways,
And then launched forth upon the tide;
And now again she grandly plays
Her part, with all her primal pride.

Our Story Teller.

The White Chrysanthemums.

Marian Grey's heart was full of bitterness. Two years ago she had gathered those very white chrysanthemums of the first week in November to lay on her mother's coffin. There had been plenty of the usual funeral flowers—japonicas, tube-roses, and white health, and the rest; but Marian had stolen out and gathered chrysanthemums because her mother loved them, and because they grew in the old garden at home.

"She will not care for the others," she had said to herself; "she always loved our own flowers best, and she shall take them with her. Marian was fourteen then—old enough to mourn for her mother passionately—old enough, too, to understand and feel deeply what her mother said to her just at the last.

"You must care for papa and the boys, Marian. You will be mistress now, I think, young as you are. At least you can be, if you are careful of papa's comfort that he doesn't feel the need of any one to keep house; and I trust the boys to *you*. You must be sister and mother too, and never let them miss me more than you can help." And then Marian remembered how her mother's sad eyes had searched her face and how she had kissed her at the end, and said, "It's a hard lesson for you to learn, when you are so young; but you must always think of yourself last, and by and by you will see that it brings its own exceeding great reward."

Mrs. Grey had lived several hours after that, and kissed Marian again, and kissed the boys also, and blessed them, and then gone to sleep like a child, on her husband's shoulder, and a beauty as of long-passed youth, at which the children wondered, upon her face. But Marian always felt that her true parting with her mother was in those few moments when they were all alone, and mamma had charged her to be her father's comfort, and the boys' mother.

And she had tried, faithfully. She looked back now over the two years that had passed, and she said, with tears streaming down her cheeks, "Yes, mother, I have been faithful!" She had left school, and devoted herself to making her mother's place good. She had kept the same servant her mother had; and the woman, touched by the unconscious pathos of the young girl's efforts to make good that place, had helped her silently in a thousand ways. And Marian thought she had succeeded. She could not see that any comfort had been lacking in her father's home; and as for the boys—Hal and Geordie—they almost worshipped her. "But of what use had it all been?" she thought, bitterly; for now her father was going to bring home another wife in her mother's stead. He had told her very tenderly, to be sure. He said that he felt that she was too young for much care. She ought to be in school; and in bringing home to her a mother, the only woman he knew who seemed worthy to fill her own mother's place, he felt that he was securing as great a blessing to her as to himself; and then he had said, as he kissed her good-bye,—

"Make the house look as pretty as you can—won't you, Marian? Elizabeth loves beauty. I don't think there are many flowers left, except those white chrysanthemums; but I wish you'd put some of those in her room."

Marian thought she could have borne it all, if it hadn't been for that last request. The white flowers that she gathered, just two years ago, for her mother's funeral, to do now as bridal flowers for the usurper! It seemed to her this was the one drop too much. She did not consider that her father could not have thought of this; that, indeed, he probably never knew that she made the wreath of them for her mother's coffin at all. Her passionate girl's heart swelled almost to bursting with the bitterness of the thought that she was to use the flowers she had always held sacred to her mother for the new bride's pleasure.

"O, she shall have them all," she cried, passionately, "and much good may they do her! They are funeral flowers. It is a bad omen."

Then she went out and gathered them every one. She made bouquets of them for the mantel; she put knots of them in the looping of the window curtains, and a glass full upon the bureau. Everywhere in the mother's room gleamed their whiteness—fit alike for bridal or for burial. In the parlor below she would have none of them. That was garnished with the fire-tinted leaves she had gathered in the late September, and with the pale, bleached ferns she had brought home in October—ferns that seemed always like the ghosts of the dead summer, holding none of its warmth or brightness, but only a hint of its vanished grace. Then she went into the kitchen with the pretty little mistres-of-the-family air which became her so well.

"Bridget," she said, "Mrs. Grey will be coming to-night. Let us give her a good supper; she will need it after her journey; and then," she added, her native honesty coming to the front, "I don't want her to think no one knew how to keep house until she came."

Bridget understood and smiled. There was no danger but the coffee would be clear that night, and the waffles light, and the broiled chicken done to a turn.

Then Marian went into the parlor, and sat down in her mother's chair. Should she have to give that up, too? Her eyes filled with tears, as they had so many times that day. She closed them, and her thoughts went back to the hour when her mother had bidden her good-bye. She thought the whole scene over, as she had so often, and seemed to hear every word afresh, in her mother's low, tender voice. And, somehow, a new sense of her mother's meaning came to her. "You must always think of yourself last," her mother had said. Was she doing that now? Was she not thinking of herself first—of her own pain, of the wound to her self-love in being set aside where she thought she done so well, of having some one else nearer to her father than she was, of being no longer at the head.

"No," she cried, hotly, "it's not that; it's having some one else in my own mother's place. He had no right—no right!"

But a tender, unseen presence seemed near her all the while breathing gentler thoughts. Something told her that her mother up in heaven would not be jealous of herself; and something else asked her if she were sure she could so devote all her future to her father, as to keep him from needing that companionship which is the very life and soul of living. She would not yet confess it, but she knew in her heart that she had been wrong; and as she got up to call the boys, she said to herself, "Think of myself last; yes, I can try to do that for your sake dear mother; and for your sake I will make the boys as happy as I can. If they are too young and unreasoning to feel it all, so much the better; you would not want their hearts to ache as mine does."

She went to the door, and called the little fellows playing outside and they hurried in.

"Come, boys," she said, "you must go and dress. I want you to look nice when your new mother sees you for the first time."

The boys looked at her curiously. Not at all in this tone had she spoken of the new-comer before. Was she going out to the enemy?

"She ain't my mamma, is she?" said sturdy Geordie.

"No, she's not your own mamma," Marian said, resolutely—trying to do what her mother would have wished; "she's not the dear, sweet mamma whom God gave you first, and then took home for heaven, because, I do believe, she was too good for this world; but she's your new mother, whom papa thinks it best for you to have. We ought to know that papa's judgment is better than ours, and he's been too good a father to us all our lives for us to have any right to suppose he is not doing now what he truly things will be best for us."

These words had cost Marian a great effort, but she had uttered them quietly and resolutely. The boys felt that she was in earnest, and went away to dress with a new sense of trust in their father.

"But, mother, it is so hard!" Marian cried out, when she was left alone. "How can I? O, how *can* I?" And she thought—no doubt it was her own excited fancy—but she thought she heard a voice, a dear voice whose tones she would know out of all the world, say. "But the end is peace."

Night brought the new mother. The boys had been growing reconciled to the idea of her since Marian's words of an hour before, and they ran to meet her with smiling faces. Marian tried to go forward, too; but it seemed to her that her feet were fastened to the floor, and it was all she could do to stand still, and keep the tears back.

"Here are the boys," she heard her father say, cheerfully. No doubt he and his bride kissed them; but she could not see, she was for a moment so very, very dizzy.

"And here is Marian," in the same cheerful voice; "my one daughter, and my faithful little housekeeper."

Marian looked up, struggling with herself, and saw her new mother. Her own mamma had been, perhaps not beautiful, but lovely—a woman whose sweet charm every beholder must feel. If this ony should be younger and handsomer, a flighty girl-bride, Marian felt that all the grace in the world would not keep her from hating her. But she looked, and saw that she might well have trusted her father. The new wife was a large, fair woman, not beautiful, but with a noble and serene face, where large and generous thoughts had their home. She was certainly not younger than Marian's own mother had been; and in the somber richness of her dress there was none of that girlish flightiness Marian had so dreaded. The girl's judgment was forced to approve, but her heart was alien still. She went forward a step, and put out her hand. No doubt Mrs. Grey understood her feeling, for she made no ardent demonstration. She only bent a little—she was a tall woman—and touched her lips to her new daughter's brow; and then she said someting about the pleasantness of the house, and Marian took her up stairs to her own room.

She looked around as she entered, and saw the white chrysanthemums gleaming everywhere. Marian, who was furtively watching her, thought she grew a little pale, but she only said, very quietly.—

"My father brought me home a new mother, Marian, when I was just your age. I understand it all."

Marian's heart warmed towards her a little then; but it grew hard and cold again when she went down stairs, for she found her father in the parlor, looking unmistakably happy and radiant. Had he no heart—no thought for the dead, who had lived there with him so long? In that moment she felt as if she hated the new-comer. Her father drew her towards him.

"Well, girlie, surely you like her?" he asked eagerly.

She withdrew herself from his arm.

"I am not a man. I think I was not made for forgetting," she answered, coolly.

Her father's face darkened. He spoke with a tone different from any she was accustomed to in his voice.

"Marian, you knew your mother well. Do you think she loved me so selfishly that, since I could not have her, she would prefer that I should live out my life alone? If that were so, she must have changed indeed; for she always thought of herself last."

Marian could not reply, for just then the new mother came down the stairs, and took what was to be henceforth her household place. It was not in the chair that had been the dead wife's. Had she avoided that by some delicate tact? or was it that she was another mold of woman from the first wife, and her taste was different? Marian never knew.

Time went on. Marian went back to school, and she really enjoyed her freedom from care, her opportunity to return to the books she loved. Only there was a cold, hard spot in her heart, and she would not own to herself that there would be any gain in the coming of a new mother into her own mother's place.

All the winter passed, and the spring and the summer. Marian was perfectly respectful, perfectly obedient, always kind; and yet her father who knew her so well knew that she was no more like the real Marian than a stone statue is like the living woman after whose graces it is modeled. It was the one bitter drop in the sweet cup of his new domestic happiness.

With October he was taken very ill. A typhoid fever, which had been very prevalent that fall, seized him; and for a time there was great doubt whether he would recover. Then, for the first time, Marian realized what their household had gained when the new mother came into it. She herself would have done all she could; but she lacked the wisdom and the experience which made Mrs. Grey the most perfect of nurses.

"Will he get better? Is there any hope?" she asked the old doctor, whom she had known all her life, one day when he was going away.

"If he does," was the answer, "his wife will have saved him. Such care I never saw."

Marian went out into the old garden. It was the first week in November, and the white chrysanthemums were all in bloom. Would she be gathering them next to put on her father's coffin? O, what would the world be worth then? 'Had she made him happy this last year?' asked her conscience. If he had been happy, surely he did not owe it to her. She had been thinking of herself all the time; of her own pain, and loss, and heartache. If he got well, would he ever forgive her? If he died, could she ever forgive herself.

She stood there, leaning sadly over the white flowers, which meant death to her. She did not hear the approaching footfall, and she started in surprise when her step-mother's hand touched her.

"He is asleep, Marian, O, so calmly and sweetly! I had to come to tell you, for there is hope now."

"And *you* will have saved him!" Marian cried, her eyes shining thro' their sudden tears with such a light as Mrs. Grey had never seen in them before. "The doctor said it would be you, if he lived. You have saved him for me, and I have never loved you."

"Was that not because you thought I expected to be your mother?" Mrs. Grey asked, with a quiet tenderness in her voice and manner. "We can have but one mother, and if you call me so, it is a matter of form. I cannot be to you in place of the dead. But I *might* be your friend, dear, just as if I were not your father's wife."

Marian drew closer, and clung to her silently. She could not speak just then.

"Don't you know I told you that first night that *I* knew it all. When I saw those white chrysanthemums they almost broke my heart; for they brought back an old pain so keenly. I had gathered them once myself, and put them in the chamber of my father's new wife, as you had done in mine; and I had suffered just as you did. But long afterwards I knew that a blessing had come to me with her; and I meant to be a blessing to you if I could."

Still Marian did not speak; but she bent and gathered a little knot of white chrysanthemums, the purest and brightest she could find. She touched the little cluster to her lips and then fastened it in her step-mother's bosom. The white chrysanthemums had been flowers for the burial and for the bridal, and now they were the blossoms of reconciliation.

Was it a Warning?

It happened a matter of fifteen years ago, in 185—. I was engineer on the V. C. railroad, and running the "Amoskeag" on the night line from N. to St. A. It was a good ten hours' trip, leaving N. at seven P. M., and getting into St. A. at five A. M., or just about daybreak. Brooks Vane was fireman. A young fellow, only about two years married to as sweet a little woman as you'll often see. They had one child—a baby, three months old. Mrs. Vane had been delicate and feeble ever since its birth, and just at this time was confined to her bed, with a sort of slow fever. Brooks, as was natural, fretted a good deal about her, and laid off a day or two as often as he could find a substitute.

The 25th day of September—I can never forget that date—between three and four o'clock in the morning, we were running on a down grade about forty miles from St. A., when I noticed, some fifty rods in front of us, what looked like a fire built exactly on the track, straight ahead. Brooks saw it as plainly as I did. We were not running at full speed, so to reverse the engine and stop the train was not the affair of many minutes Brooks and I jumped out together, and went round in front of the engine, where we found—*nothing*.

The fire, which I saw as plainly as ever I saw anything in my life, and which Brooks saw, too, had disappeared utterly and entirely. We went up the track half a mile or more, but found no vestage or anything to denote that any fire had been built upon the track, or anywhere near.

Brooks turned to me, with a white face.

"My God, sir, what was it?"

"I wish I knew," I said. "Fifteen minutes ago I would have taken my oath there was a fire, built by a stupid idiot or designing villain, on the track. Now—I can't understand it."

"Nor I—nor I," said Brooks, slowly; "you don't suppose, sir——"

He stopped, confusedly.

"Suppose what?" I said, as we stepped on board the "Amoskeag" again.

"That this is a warning, or omen of danger, sir——"

This more firmly spoken.

"Pshaw!"

But, for all my affectation of contempt I was puzzled and confunded. Yet I tried to convince myself that it was merely an optical delusion, and nothing more. But my success was doubtful.

The next morning I could see that Brooks was growing nervous and anxious. I, too, was not without a little flutter of excitement at my heart, though I should hardly have cared to own it. It is, perhaps, needless to state that this night's experience corresponded in every particular to that of the one preceding. The same seeming fire blazed and glittered on the track in front of us. The train was stopped again. Again we searched around and upon the track for a long way ahead; again we found simply nothing!

I don't deny that the repetition of this mysterious occurrence impressed me with a strange feeling of commingled dread and terror. And Brooks—the man's face, fairly frightened me. There was little conversation passed between us that night. I think we both felt too deeply for speech.

The third night, Brooks Vane and I stepped on board the "Amoskeag" with much the same feelings, I think, as men who go knowingly to their own death. As we passed out of the station at B. within a mile or two of the fatal place, Brooks turned to me.

"Mr. Deane—" he stopped.

"Go on."

"It may seem foolish to you, but I think something will happen to the train to-night. If I should be killed—"

"Pshaw! Brooks, don't get such ideas into your head. I—"

"I know all you would say, Mr. Deane, but I'd rather you'd hear what I've got to say."

"Well, I am listening."

"I want, if you survive me, that you should promise to lend my wife a helping hand if she should need one. Her folks are well-off, and will be good to her, I think; but they are out in Kansas, and it will be pretty hard lines for her at first, before she can hear from them, and she'll need friends, poor girl. He stopped, brushing his hand across his eyes.

"If ever she needs help," I said, impressed, in spite of myself, by his earnestness, and sharing beside, much of his apprehension, "my wife and I will stand by her. She shan't want for a friend while we live. But don't get 'blue,' Brooks. All this may amount to nothing," trying to speak cheerfully, but with partial success only.

He shook his head moodily, but did not speak. We neared the mysterious place. I turned my eyes for one moment from the road in front to attend to some slight duty. I looked back just in time to catch one glimpse of a light—not the seeming fire for which we watched—but the headlight of a coming train. The next instant a terrible shock—a deafening crash—and I knew no more.

I recovered my senses to find myself lying on a bed, in a low-ceiled room of a farm house, standing not far from the scene of disaster. Stunned and bruised I was, but had sustained no serious injury. In answer to my eager inquiries, I learned that the train colliding with mine was a heavy express, which I should have passed at M——, the next station beyond.

Liquor did it all. Tom Jones, the engineer, who, though known to be a "regular" drinker, was still considered trustworthy, he had taken the train out of St. A. all right as far as anybody knew, but whether he had drank an extra glass, and got crazy drunk, or whether he had a touch of the delirium tremens that night, nobody could ever tell. He and his fireman were both dead, poor fellows. It was only known that he had rushed the train through at full speed, disregarding all signals from the conductor, and stopping at no station. But as for the thirty odd miles, from St. A. to M., there were none but small stations where the express stopped only when signaled, I think no one suspected any harm until they reached M., where they should have stopped, and from there to destruction had been only a brief ten minutes' ride.

There were half a dozen killed and wounded on the express; on mine, one of the brakemen was badly hurt, and Brooks Vane *could not be found*.

"Can't be found, man," I said to my informant—"what do you mean?"

"That's what I mean, sir. The men on your train have searched everywhere, and they can't find a trace of him, even."

It was odd, to say the least. It was now broad daylight, and I could not conceive how any search should have failed to find him. I got up, lame and sore, but still able to move about, and went out.

The house was only a little way from the scene of the accident. The dead and wounded had been moved away, and men were busy removing the debris and clearing the track. The express train was a very heavy one, and mine, though freight, comparatively light, since I had but a few cars. My engine had been thrown completely from the track, over the low bank, into a wet, marshy meadow lying alongside the road. The smokestack was half buried in the mud. I walked around it, searching carefully, but there was no sign of my unfortunate fireman. I looked for him as long as I was able, and then dragged myself back to the house, from whence I dispatched the farmer's son to B., with a telegraphic message, to be sent to my wife, apprising her of my safety, and begging her to see that all knowledge of the accident was kept from poor Vane's wife, and directed him to wait for a reply.

He returned in the afternoon with a message from my wife:

"Viola says Brooks' body is buried in the marsh, under the smokestack of the Amoskeag. Search for it there.

EMMA DEANE."

Viola was Brook's wife. I was confounded. I had not intimated to my wife that the body was missing, though, of course, she knew from the wording of my dispatch that he must be dead or badly hurt. I knew that an account of the accident had been telegraphed to N., but I doubt if this fact had been mentioned. However it was evident that they knew it, but how Mrs. Vane should know more than that, I could not understand.

I walked out again to the place where the engine lay. Men were already at work with a derrick trying to raise it. It was many hours before their efforts were successful. When at last they accomplished their task, under the smokestack was found the body of Brooks Vane!

There is little more to tell. You were at his funeral, and you know how hard his poor wife took his loss, and she faded and pined, and ere long followed him with her babe to the "farther shore."

The little I have to tell you, is the reason my wife sent that mysterious telegram. All that night on which the accident happened, Mrs. Vane lay in a half stupor—my wife was sitting up with her—rousing but once between three and four in the morning—jut about the time her husband must have been killed, when she started up with a shriek that rang through the house crying:

"Oh Brooks! Brooks! dont go," and then she fell back moaning "dead, dead," and seemed to realize nothing.

No one, then, knew anything of the accident; but when the news came, not long after, every precaution was used to keep it from her. It was not until just before my telegram had been received, that she seemed to evince any consciousness of what was passing around her. At that time she opened her eyes camly, looking steadily into the face of my wife, who sat beside her, and speaking in low even tones:

"They can't find my husband, Mrs. Dean. Telegraph to Mr. Dean to have them look in the marsh, under the smokestack of the "Amoskeag;" they will find him there."

She didn't speak again all day. How she knew her husband was dead or where he was, I cannot tell.

"There are stranger things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Tramps and Worcestershire.

He was travel-stained and weary, and his eyes had a far-off wistful look, as though he knew that rest was not for him below, let his tired heart crave it ever so much. And as he humbly asked the lady of the house for a morsel of food, his venerable appearance and evident want aroused all her womanly generosity, and she presently set the poor tramp down to the remains of the family dinner.

"Poor old man," she murmured, sympathetically, as she saw him lean back in his chair, leaving his food untouched on his plate—"he is too weary to eat,"—and she asked him if he felt ill.

"Not exactly mum," was the answer, in an humble voice,—but most people cooks their roast beef till its overdone, an' overdone beef don't gen'lly agree with me."

"Y' hav'nt got any Wooster sauce have ye?"—continued the mendicant—"that most gen'lly agrees with me."

Unfortunately, the house of McCormick was out of "Wooster sauce," but Mrs. McC. brought the mustard and a plate of nice pickles, observing with the faintest trace of sarcasm in her tones that if she'd known that he was coming she'd have looked out for something better.

"Oh, I ain't very pertick'ler mum,"—said the old man, as he helped himself to another spoonful of gravy and a cucumber pickle, "on'y I jes' happ'n'd to mention it, 'cos where there ain't no pie nor nothin' sweet for dessert, overdone roast beef's more like to disagree with me,"—and the meekness in the vagrant's wrinkled face was touching in the extreme, as he looked humbly around the table, as though his former glance might have have overlooked the luxuries of which he spoke.

But Mrs. McC. was rather too far gone with speechless indignation to frame a suitable answer, and so the weary old man, with a mournful sigh, went on eating, and developed a most singular and wonderful appetite, which was gradually appeased as the four pound piece of beef was reduced to a mere shapeless fragment, and the last boiled potato had vanished from the dish.

"I hope you've made a dinner," ejaculated Mrs. McC., with fine irony.

"Well, pes'm; I've eat wus wittlas," said the mendicant, with deep humility, as he pushed his chair back from the table, and appeared to seek something on the floor.

"What is it you're looking for?" demanded Mrs. McC., with a snag in her voice that reminded one of the slamming down of the lid of a chest.

"Nothing mum—that is, nothing tick'ler; I didn't see no napkin, an' thought I might a' dropped it—"

But he never finished his speech, and five seconds later his white locks vanished through the doorway with amazing rapidity, and an infuriated female with a mop followed so closely behind that he got fully half a mile from the house before pursuit ceased and he was able to light his cigar.

What Are We To Do.

Editing a paper is a nice business. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle-headed. If we omit jokes they say we are on old fossil. If we publish original matter they "cuss" us for not giving selections. If we publish selections folks say we are lazy for not writing something they have not read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices folks say we are a hog. If we do not cater to the wishes of the ladies the paper is not fit to make a bustle. If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out they say we never attend to our business. If we do not pay our bills promptly folks say we are not to be trusted. If we pay promptly folks say we stole the money. If we wear poor clothes folks say business is bad. If we wear good clothes they say we never paid for them. Now, what are we to do?

Getting Rid of Her Daughter's Beau.

She lives down on Baker street, and she has a daughter about eighteen years old. The old lady retains all her simplicity and innocence, and she doesn't go two cents on style. The other evening when a splendid catch called to escort the daughter to the opera, the mother wouldn't take the hint to keep still. While helping her daughter to get ready, she asked:

"Mary, are you going to wear the shoes with one heel off, or the pair with the holes in 'em?"

Mary didn't seem to hear, and the mother inquired:

"Are you going to wear that dollar gold chain and that washed locket, or will you wear the diamond father bought at the hardware store?"

Mary winked at her, and the young man blushed, but the old lady went on:

"Are you going to borrow Mrs. Brown's shawl, or will you wear mine?"

Mary bustled around the room, and the mother said:

"Be careful of your dress, Mary; you know it's the only one you've got, and you can't have another until the mortgage on this place is lifted."

Mary remarked to her escort that it promised to be a beautiful evening, and as she buttoned her glove her mother asked:

"Those are Mrs. Hardy's gloves ain't they? She's been a good neighbor to us, and I don't know how you'd manage to go anywhere if she didn't live near us."

Mary was hurrying to get out of the room, when the mother raised her voice once more and asked:

"Did you run into Mrs. Jewett's and borrow her bracelet and fan? Yes, I see you did. Well, now, you look real stylish, and I hope you'll have a good time."

Mary sits by her window in the pale moonlight and sighs for the splendid young man to come and beau her around some more, but he hasn't been seen up that way since that night. The old lady, too, says that he seemed like a nice young man, and she hopes he hasn't been killed by the street cars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miscellaneous.

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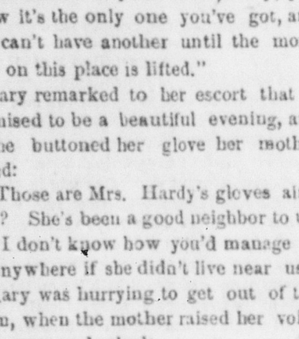

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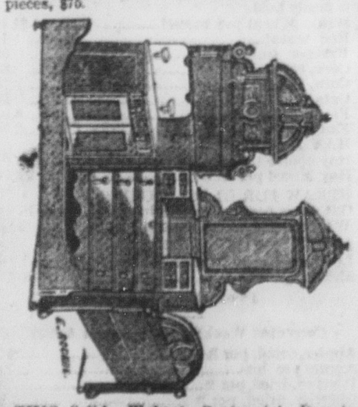

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OVER COATS—every grade	At cost
DRESS COATS—varying in price from	$6 to $15 00
PANTS " " "	$1 50 to $8 00
VESTS " " "	50 cts to $6 00

and every description of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

TWO ROOMS FULL OF GOODS.

Connected with his clothing store in the adjoining room he will continue the

Dress Goods Department,

in which every conceivable description of Dress and Dry Goods, from the

FINEST SILKS TO THE CHEAPEST CALICOS,

as well as

NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., &c.

together with a

FULL LINE OF CARPETS

of any grade, will be kept constantly on hand. His prices will be made to suit

THE TIMES

and he will guarantee the fullest satisfaction to every customer.

☞Polite and accommodating clerks will take pleasure in showing you the goods.

vol7no7-1y Nos. 1 & 2, BUSH'S ARCADE

S. A. BREW & SON, GROCERIES, &c.

S. A. BREW & SON,

SUCCESSOR TO FRYBERGER & MORAN,

GROCERS

Next Door to the Post Office,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

WE will take all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE in exchange for goods in our line.

WE have a nice lot of ELEGANT LAKE HERRING,—will sell them at cost to close out.

WE are making a specialty of the following goods from now, Sept. 1st, to Dec. 1st, 1874.

Breakfast Bacon,

Plain Meats,

Sugar Cured Shoulders,

Sugar Cured Ham,

Salt in Sacks and Barrels,

Floor Oil Cloth,

And Crockery Ware.

COME AND SEE OUR STORE.

4-tf **S. A. BREW & SON.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

REMOVAL!

THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE has been removed from the Bush House Block to the opposite side of the street, to the second and third floors of the building known as Haupt's Building, just opposite the railroad depot.

WE have now the best and most commodious office in the city.

WE have better facilities for doing all kinds of Job Work than ever before.

PRINTING in Colors a specialty.

FAST Presses and experienced workmen.

SUBSCRIBE for the **Bellefonte Republican**, a live Republican journal.

THE only paper in which a reliable report of the markets can be found.

THE only paper that reports the Court Proceedings, taken on the spot by a stenographic reporter.

THE only Republican paper in Centre County.

THE largest circulation of any paper in the county. This is no idle boast—we are able to prove it.

TERMS to subscribers in the county, $2.00 in advance; outside of the county, $2.15. No notice will be taken of orders for the paper from persons residing outside of the county unless the money accompanies the order.

EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor.

FOR RENT!

THE room lately occupied by us in the

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK,

IS

FOR RENT

AT

REASONABLE RATES.

Apply at this office.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Coal, Lime, &c.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

HAVING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks') we are prepared to furnish the

Very Best Quality

OF

Wilkesbarre and Shamokin Coal!

to all who may want the same, at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES

Our Coal is of the very

BEST IN THE MARKET

and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.

OFFICE IN McCAFFERTY'S BUILDING, (opposite the depot)

J. R. & C. T. ALEXANDER.

WM. SHORTLIDGE. BOND VALENTINE

Shortlidge & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

LIME!

WOOD or COAL BURNT,

challenges competition as to quality.

Agents for the sale of

DUPONT'S POWDER

RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

FUSE—BEST COTTON, HEMP AND TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,

all of which are being sold at the very LOWEST PRICES.

CONSUMERS OF AND DEALERS IN THE ABOVE ARTICLES ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE US A CALL!

Office and Yard near South End of Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot.

v5n34-1y

Hardware.

HARDWARE

NO. 5 BROCKERHOFF ROW

J & J. HARRIS,

SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE

All sorts of

Forks,

Chains,

Shovels,

Axes,

Grindstones,

Coal Oil Lamps,

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

&c.

We hope by

STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS

merit and receive a share of public patronage.

BUILDERS AND OTHERS

will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock.

J. & J. HARRIS,

v5 No. 5 Brockerhoff Row.

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS. H. K. HICKS

WILSON & HICKS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE DEALERS.

Iron Paints, Oils, Glass &c.

Builder's Hardware.

Coach Maker's Goods.

Cabinet Maker's Stock.

Stoves of All Kinds.

Children's Buggies,

Waggons, Carts, &c.

WILSON & HICKS.

NOTICE—We will sell to responsible men on three months credit. Will take off 5 per cent for cash, which is equal to 20 per cent. per annum. It will pay the purchaser to borrow at 10 from other parties, if he can save 20 in buying from us. In this way we can turn our money and sell lower.

RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD—PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. DIVISION, connection with BALD EAGLE VALLEY R.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, MAY 23, 187 the Trains on the Philadelphia & Er Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

FAST LINE leaves New York		9 25 a. m
" " "	Philadelphia	12. 55 p. m
" " "	Baltimore	1. 20 p. m
" " "	Harrisb'g	5.00 p. m
" " "	arr. at Williamsp't	8.55 p.
" " "	Lock Haven	10.20 p.
" " "	Bellefonte	11.50 p.
ERIE MAIL leaves New York		8.25 p.
" "	Philadelphia	11.55 p.
" "	Baltimore	11.55 p.
" "	Harrisburg	4.25 a. m
" "	Williamsport	8.35 a. m
" "	Lock Haven	9.45 a. m
" "	Renovo	11.05 a. m
" "	arr. at Erie	7.50 p. m
NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Philada		7.40 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	7.35 a. m
" " "	Harrisb'g	10.55 a. m
" "	arr. at Williamsp't	1.55 p. m
" " "	Lock Haven	3.15 p. m
" " "	Renovo	4.50 p. m
" " "	Bellefonte	4.38 p. m
ELMIRA MAIL leaves Philadelphia,		8.00 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	8.30 a. m
" " "	Harrisburg	1.25 p. m
" " arr.	at Williamsport	6.10 p. m
" " "	Lock Haven	7.50 p. m

EASTWARD.

PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Lock Haven		6.40 a. m
" " "	Williamsp't	7.55 a. m
" " arr.	at Harrisb'g	11.45 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	6.15 p. m
" " "	Philadelphia	5.55 p. m
" " "	New York	6.45 p. m
DAY EXPRESS leaves Bellefonte		8.10 a. m
" " "	Renovo	9.10 a. m
" " "	Lock Haven	10.25 a. m
" " "	Williamsport	11.35 a. m
" " arr at	Harrisburg	5.00 p. m
" " "	Philadelphia	6.20 p
" " "	New York	9.15 p. m
" " "	Baltimore	6.35 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie		11.20 a. m
" "	*Bellefonte	8.22 p. m
" "	Renovo	8.25 p. m
" "	Lock Haven	9.45 p. m
" "	Williamsp't	10.50 p. m
" arr.	at Harrisburg	2.25 a. m
" "	Baltimore	7.35 a. m
" "	Philla	6.45 a. m
" "	New York	10.10 a. m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport		12.35 a. m
" " arr	at Harrisburg	3.55 a. m
" " "	Baltimore	7.35 a. m
" " "	Philadelphia	7.35 a. m
" " "	New York	10.25 a. m

* The Bald Eagle Valley Express leaves Bellefonte at 8.22 p. m. and connects with Erie Mail at Lock Haven at 9.45 p. m.

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express west, Elmira west Mail and Day Express east make close connection at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express west and Elmira Mail west make close connection at Williamspost with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail east and west, Niagara Express west, Fast Line west and Day Express east make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail east and west connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor Cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express west, Fast Line west, Philadelphia Express east and Day Express east. Sleeping Cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Sup.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY DIVISION.

STATIONS.	MLS.	Mail. A.M.	Exs. P.M.
Leave Tyrone		8 30	6 45
East Tyrone	1	8 27	6 52
Bald Eagle	5	8 46	7 04
Hannah	10	8 58	7 15
Port Matilda	14	9 05	7 23
Martha	17	9 13	7 33
Julian	21	9 22	7 44
Unionville	26	9 33	7 56
Snow Shoe Intersection	29	9 41	8 05
Milesburg	31	9 45	8 10
Arrive Bellefonte	33	9 54	8 19
Leave Bellefonte	33	9 57	8 22
Milesburg	31	10 10	8 35
Curtin	34	10 22	8 45
Mount Eagle	37	10 29	8 52
Howard	40	10 38	9 02
Eagleville	44	10 52	9 13
Beech Creek	46	10 57	9 18
Mill Hall	51	11 12	9 32
Flemington	52	11 17	9 37
Arrive Lock Haven	55	11 22	9 45
RETURN.			
Leave Lock Haven	0	9 55	3 15
Flemington	3	10 00	3 21
Mill Hall	4	10 04	3 25
Beech Creek	9	10 19	3 40
Eagleville	11	10 24	3 45
Howard	15	10 38	4 00
Mount Eagle	18	10 47	4 09
Curtin	21	10 54	4 15
Milesburg	24	11 05	4 25
Arrive Bellefonte	26	11 18	4 38
Leave Bellefonte	26	11 21	4 41
Milesburg	24	11 30	4 50
Snow Shoe Intersection	26	11 34	4 54
Unionville	29	11 45	5 04
Julian	34	11 57	5 15
Martha	38	12 08	5 26
Port Matilda	41	12 18	5 35
Hannah	45	12 28	5 44
Bald Eagle	50	12 43	5 58
Vail	52	12 48	6 03
East Tyrone	54	12 53	6 08
Arrive Tyrone	55	1 00	6 15

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.

Leave Bellefonte	8 10 A.M.	2 25 P.M
Arrive at Snow Shoe	10 40	5 35
Leave Snow Shoe	9 10	2 25
Arrive at Bellefonte	12 10 P.M.	5 10

The 9 10 from Snow Shoe intersects with the Bald Eagle Express, going west, at Snow Shoe Intesection.

The train leaving Snow Shoe at 2.25 intersects with the Bald Eagle mail west at Milesburg.

DANIEL RHOADS, Supt.

LEWISTOWN DIVISION.

MIFFLIN & CENTRE—EASTWARD.

	Accom. No. 1.	Accom. No. 2.	Accom. No. 3.
LEWISTOWN Ju	6 50 a m	12 01 p m	4 10 p m
LEWISTOWN	7 10	12 07	4 26
Logan	7 25	12 16	4 04
Yeagertown F	7 33	12 21	4 28
Mann's F	7 44	12 28	4 35
Reedsville	7 52	12 32	4 39
Honey Creek F	8 10	12 44	4 49
Naginy F	8 20	12 50	4 55
MILROY, Arrive	8 30 a m	12 55 p m	5 00 p m

Returning leave Milroy at 8 40 a. m., 1 20 p. and 5 15 p. m; Reedsville at 9 11 a. m., 2 00 and 5 36 p. m., arriving at Lewistown at 9 40 a. m., 2 35 and 6 05 p. m.

The Mifflin and Centre and Sunbury and Lewistown connect at Lewistown with way passenger and fast lines west, and mail and Cincinnati express east; and at Sunbury with trains on Northern Central, Phila. & Erie, and Hazleton.

P. F. SMITH, Supt.

ISAIAH BLOOM has applied to the Secretary of Internal Affairs for one hundred acres of land situated in Boggs twp., in the County of the Centre, bounded on the East by land in warrantee name of William Russel, on the South by John Scott, on the West by Frank McCoy and on the North by Michael Weiss. 22-3t*

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address,

Rev. E. A. WILSON, 50-6m 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. York

$5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. All classes of working people of both sexes, young and old, make more money at work for us, in their own localities, during their spare moments, or all the time than at any thing else. We offer employment that will pay handsomely for every hour's work. Full particulars, terms, &c., sent free. Send us your address at once. Don't delay. Now is the time. Don't look for work or business elsewhere until you have learned what we offer. G Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. 7-2-1y

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum In Advance.

OUR TERMS
FOR SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING, in Bellefonte Pa. by

EDWARD T. TUTEN,

the following rates.

One year in advance.....$2.00
If not paid within 6 months.....2.50
If not paid for until expiration of year..3.00

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Papers will not be sent out of Centre county *unless paid for in advance.*

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding lines this type, $8,00 per annum.

All Advertisements for a less term than three months, 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cts. a line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos	1 year.
Inch (19 lin'this type)	$ 5 00	$ 8 00	$12 00
Two inches	7 00	10 00	15 00
Three inches	10 00	15 00	20 00
Four inches	11 00	17 00	25 00
Quarter column	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes Paper-books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications, relating to business, to EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor.
Bellefonte, Pa

READ! READ!! READ !!

We have made arrangements with the following publishers so that we can furnish their publications with the REPUBLICAN at reduced rates, thus affording those who desire such books and papers, an opportunity to save from twenty to thirty per cent.

There is no postage to be paid by the subscriber, but no paper will be sent until the money is received at this office:

	Regular Price	Price with Republican
MONTHLY.		
Harper's Magazine	$4.00	$3.25
Scribner's Monthly	4.00	3.25
St. Nicholas	5.00	4.50
Peter's Musical Monthly	3.00	4.00
La Creme de la Creme	4.00	3.00
Locke's National Monthly	1.00	2.80
American Farm Journal	1.00	2.60
Peterson's Journal	3.00	4.50
The Republic	2.00	3.60
Penn Monthly	3.00	3.75
Woods' Household Magazine	1.00	2.75
WEEKLY.		
Harper's Weekly	4.00	5.25
Harper's Bazar	4.00	5.25
Forney's Press	2.00	3.60
Toledo Weekly Blade	2.00	3.50
Scientific American	3.20	4.75
American Agriculturist	1.60	3.20
Cincinnati Weekly Times	2.00	3.65.

☞ We can furnish any weekly or monthly, publication in the United States at less than publisher's prices.

MAGNIFICENT OFFER!

Sewing Machines Given Away.—Subscribe for The Bellefonte Republican, the Liveliest and Best Paper in Centre Co. A Sixty Dollar Machine of the Best Make in the World for 30 Names.

A very liberal contract, which we have just completed with the Weed Sewing Machine Company, will enable us, we hope, to place their celebrated machines in many families throughout the country. So fine an opportunity to secure a first-class sewing machine seldom occurs. May we not expect the friends of this paper to make an earnest, united effort to extend greatly its circulation, and thus help to increase its influence? *We will liberally reward those who work for us.* Reader, can you not form a club in your neighborhood and secure this sewing machine premium? *A few hours of well-directed effort will obtain it.* Postmasters in the smaller towns and villages can, with a little thought and effort, easily send us the requisite number of names. Has the parsonage a sewing machine? If not, call upon a few ladies and gentlemen of the congregation. Tell them your plan and ask them to help you. In the congregation 30 names can, with little difficulty, be secured. Send us the $60 and we will forward for one year this paper to each of the 30 subscribers, which will pay them the *full vaue* of their subscriptions, *and in addition, we will make a present, to any person you may designate, of a beautiful sixty dollar Sewing Machine.* How easily a club may be formed in the Masonic or Odd Fellows or Temperance Society, or in the Grange? Is there not depending upon your society some poor widow to whom a sewing machine would be for years to come a blessing? Pass the subscription paper. Thirty persons subscribing for this journal at $2.00 each, will secure for themselves, without any extra charge, the paper for one year, and a most valuable present for some needy family. TRY IT, FRIENDS. DON'T WAIT! BEGIN THE WORK AT ONCE! Send us word that you have undertaken the formation of such a club.

Remember, the machines are warranted to be *perfectly new, latest improved, and in perfect order.*

(From the Harrisburg Telegraph.)

To Candid, Honest Temperance Men.

Myself, son of a preacher, and for thirty-five years a church member, for forty years a radical, teetotaler—I have the best feeling for those set apart to proclaim the Gospel of Him who said "My Kingdom is not of this world." I believe ministers, as well as others, should vote independently. Beyond this, my observation is that any open interference of ministers with the "Kingdom of Cæser" injures their power for good, and is a damage to their cause. The wrecks of "political parsons" bleach along the shores of Memory—men who, attempting to control legislation or the ballot box, either made a total failure, or lost or soiled their clerical if not their Christian standing, and that too without helping the cause they espoused.

Before me lies the *Telegraph* with a statement that certain ministers have resolved to vote for a third or prohibitory liquor ticket in this State, *because* "the local option law had been repealed," in "disregard of protests" from themselves and others, and "in disregard of the *expressed will of a majority* of the voters" of the State.

Allow me to inquire, how have they ascertained the "expressed will of the majority?"

In 1854 or '55 the whole State took a vote for and against license, and the majority was for license. Recently, every county and city took a vote for and against license within their own bounds, when a majority of 30,000—perhaps more—voted for license. These are the only fair, direct tests ever made, and they were both in favor of license.

How, then, can those preachers claim "a majority" against the repeal of the local option which re-enacted a leccense law with some new restraints? A few petitions were sent in on both sides, but not a twentieth part of the whole vote was expressed, and the majority, as I read, was in *favor* of license.

The true way to get at the views of the "majority" when no popular vote is taken, must be through their *representatives.* And two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature were for license. Nearly all the largest counties voted for license and the members voted accordingly. Other counties were against license and their members mostly voted the same way. The majority—and not the minority—ruled, despite "protests" of individuals, whether preachers or hearers.

The *truth* seems to be that in our State the temperance sentiment is not sufficiently advanced to enact measures which may be adopted successfully in other States. Unenforced laws lead to anarchy. Until we can more readily convict men of selling illegally, it is useless to try to stop all sales or gifts of the "devil's broth." Some who voted for local option—seeing how it has been evaded—have concluded that an enforced license law is preferable to nominal prohibition and nobody to enforce it. *Voting* is one thing—*enforcing* is another.

Another trouble is, temperance men have not yet arrived at the point of supporting temperance candidates, not of their party. In my county, last fall, the Republicans nominated for the Legislature an avowed, undoubted local optionist; the Democrats had a man personally temperate, but notoriously in league with the rum power. We had given over a thousand majority against license. But I know not a temperance Democrat who voted *for* the local optionist on that ground, while some rum Republicans voted against him (yet not enough to defeat him). I am told it was so, generally, in the local option counties.

Last fall the Democracy and Rumocracy in this State combined. They agreed to keep the temperance Democrats up to their ticket, to add to them, all the rum Republicans they could, and also to get as many temperance Republicans as possible to vote the third or Prohibitory ticket. They succeeded. Republican Allegheny, strong for license, gave a Democratic majority, and enough Republicans voted the third ticket to elect the Democratic State ticket. They defeated Col. Beath, the maimed soldier, the only straight-out temperance man on either old party tickets. And the bargain was carried out by repealing the local option law.

In a Republican or Democratic government, the will of the majority—not the minority—must rule. The apparent majority asked a Republican Legislature to give them local option—it was done. The majority—made so by a third party division—asked for the repeal of local option—and it was done. The Governor is not king. He could not enact the law, now could he prevent its repeal—without usurping power which is not intended to be confided in him. It was his duty to allow the expressed will of the people—not his will, nor the will of preachers, nor the will of liquor sellers—to have its proper, usual, legitimate force, through the legal channel—the Legislature.

Had the Local Optionists last fall united in the support of temperance men, and continued the Republican supremecy in the State, the law would probably not have been distured. But they saw temperance Republicans slaughtered—they helped the third party diversions by which the Democracy triumphed—and then they "protested" against the effect of their own treachery or their own folly! All temperance men, true to temperance men, might have saved local option. Had they themselves *voted* right, their protests would not have been needed.

The lesson is severe—may it be salutary.

This is not the first time that inconsiderate and contracted views of public policy have resulted most disastrously. In 1844, the annexation of Texas was the leading question in the nation (although the tariff was more prominent in Pennsylvania). Henry Clay, and most of the Whigs, opposed it on high national and conservative grounds. James K. Polk, and most of the Democrats, including almost the entire South, favored it. On a square, fair issue, Texas would have been kept out, and that great game of slavery extension would have been checked. Practically, Clay was the man for the hour. But certain political abolitionists, because Clay did not agree with them, precisely, on some *minor* and *less* practical points, got up a "third party." The vote in New York State stood as follows:

Anti-Texas	(Henry Clay,	232,482
	(J. G. Birney,	15,812
Whole Anti-Texas vote,		248,294
For Texas—James K. Polk,		237,588
Majority against Texas,		10,706

But Polk had 5,224 over Clay, and so Polk received the 36 electoral votes. Taken from Polk and given to Clay, this fine anti-Texas vote of 36 in New York would have elected Clay. But it elected Polk!

By that dishonest, outrageous trickery Texas was admitted; the Mexican war succeeded; slavery was thus encouraged to demand Kansas, and rebellion followed, and a million lives lost by cruel civil war, and an immense debt are results largely traceable to that device of slavery—"Divide and conquer?"

History shows no temperance party has ever succeeded as such. Enthusiastic temperance men have frequently tried them, but the only practical effect, everywhere, is to aid the rum interest, and to disgust honest temperence men. Temperance laws, in Maine, spring from no party, but from a diffusion of temperance principles, and selecting temperance men. Both parties sustain any temperance measures that seem timely and practicable. The Democratic triumphs in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, last fall—partly by "third parties"—were succeeded by the repeal of laws enacted in deference to temperance sentiments, but not sustained by temperance men's votes.

As the balance of power, temperance men can do much—as a third party, nothing for that cause. (See the election returns for twenty or thirty years, where they have been tried and failed.)

Like religion, temperance is mainly a matter of the heart and mind, and little can be done to promote it, by law, until a high moral sentiment has been wrought up. A large vote for a helpless third party, in our State, aids the party which—as its last candidate for President contended—is essentially a Rum party as a party, although it has many temperance members. Every vote for a third party is at least half a vote for rum, rebellion, repudiation and Romanism. Let those preachers look over the whole ground—do nothing rashly—and let the people not follow them wherein they err in temper or in judgment.

OBSERVER.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

MILESBURG, PA., Sept. 5, 1875.

Speaking of hot weather, what did you think of last week? Was'nt it terrific? People were generally inclined to keep on the shady side. When they did venture out in the sun, such expressions as "hot," "allfired hot," "Jerusalem, han't it hot?" were quite frequent. I remember one Porter delegate; he came puffing, and panting, and sweltering along, with his tongue hanging out, and the sweat rolling off of his forehead like dew off from a greasy pumpkin. He was hailed by a debtor who was anxious to pay him an account of long standing, but with an agonizing look he said: "Go to the d—l, its too d—d"—and before he finished the sentence had melted away into an immense grease spot. Hot! A woman's rights meeting was nowhere in comparison. Keefer's boy in desperation, fled to the ice-house for relief; but it was no use, he had become heated clean through, and I actually believe, had he remained in that ice-house ten minutes longer, that whole arrangement, ice, sawdust and all, would have come to a boil, and young Keefer would have been scalded to death. One man from over on the Devial, went down to Hahn's axe factory, and, seeing the engine in full blast, wanted the privilege of setting astride of the boiler until he cooled off. But last Friday was the boss hot day of the season, not a particle of air going until in the afternoon, when an ex-dealer came around, and then there was, as is always the case when he is present, quite a sufficiency of wind.

O. P. Kreamer, Eli Williams, and John Heany, have bought out T. W. Keinsey & Co. In the carriage and buggy making business, they are all practical workmen, and the bargains they offer are better than can be had elsewhere.

Jas. B. Proudfoot has sold out his cabinet making and undertaking business to Mr. L. F. Wetsler.

Rev. Beals, Presbyterian minister of Baltimore, who has been spending the summer here with Sheriff Hall, left a few days ago for his home. His family are still here, but will leave in a few days. The people of this place will not soon forget Mr. Beals and his most excellent lady. He is a fine speaker and a very pleasant gentleman.

Another S. S. picnic was held on Saturday last, near the sulphur springs below town. It was a very pleasant affair, and the young and the old, the solemn and gay, made a business of stowing much provision away.

There was a bit of a quarrel at the depot a few nights ago. A Bellefonte man, who prided himself on his muscle, was the cause of the disturbance. In the morning there was—a few black legs and battered mugs, a broken nose and a chawed-up ear, all of which most certainly came from a too free use of rum and beer.

Milesburg is a very pleasant, quiet town. There is no license here and disturbances are very rare. I have no doubt but hotel keeping will be a good business here next season, as a great many city people, it is expected, will spend the summer here. It's the water, which is not excelled in the State, that still attracts the multitude. The hotel to be built (or that talked of) below town, at the sulphur, iron, and magnesia springs, will be quite large and only intended for summer use. A half mile race-course is talked of, and a horse railway from the depot to the springs may also be built. If these things come to pass, then Milesburg will have room to put on some airs. Gen. Green is much interested in the future of the place.

Mr. N. A. Levy's horse-shoe works are not running at the present time; stopped to repair machinery.

Capt. G. A. Bayard flew through this place a few days ago, and his many friends say next time he goes through if he cannot stop, he should drive on a walk, and not dash along at a Goldsmith Maid gait, so they can have an opportunity of saying "how do you do," for after awhile he will be so busy with the details of the Treasury office as to be unable to get down this way. Capt., please remember.

McClain & Cook have sold about two hundred boxes of peaches this season. No wonder the little ones grasp their waistbands and howl, and the undertaker looks serene and happy as a clam, with a new toothpick. Speaking of peaches reminds me of something that happened the other day at the depot. There were six or eight baskets of peaches pretty nearly a in condition to throw away, setting in front of a grocery store. A colored tramp stood gazing at the fruit as though he wished to purchase, when the proprietor came up and said: "You can have your pick of those peaches for one dollar a basket." Then that colored man turned around, and with a look of contempt, said: "Good Lord, Boss, do you suppose I's de man what busted the California Bank? I haabeut got nuffin like dat amount ob clateral, sah."

A few days ago the writer of this had occasion to take a trip up the road a short distance, and, while waiting at the hotel for dinner, an old chap came limping in. He was lame and walked with a cane. he inquired for the landlord; he asked everybody about the house for him; he wanted to see him badly; he was very dry—dry as a funeral sermon. There was no crown in his hat; he wore gum shoes and a pair of overalls, the knees of which latter, where he had rubbed his greasy hands, being shiny and sleek and smoothe as a book agent. As I said before, he was awful dry, and so excited that, before he knew what he was doing, he had spit a fruit tree agent's hat half full of tobacco juice. Presently the landlord made his appearance. Then the almost famished man with the gum shoes, sore foot, etc., hobbled up for his rations. The proprietor, after feeling in seven or eight pockets, concluded that that boy Bill had gone off with them keys again. (Did you ever stop at a hotel in the country where there was'nt a half-grown boy to go off with the keys just when they were most wanted; or where the dining-room girl didn't hand you some sour plumb butter the first thing, especially if you happen to be suffering with a cramp in the stomach?) Well, Bill has made his appearance, and says to his father: "Say, old man, what in blazes did you go and tie that ere calf of mine to the fence with that long rope for? The consarned thing has gone and hung itself, and damned if you shant pay me for it, too." The "old man" was thunderstruck and couldn't believe Bill, and went out to see for himself. He yelled back to Bill to wait on that old fellow with the sore foot, who by this time was about ready to choke. Bill yelled back to go to the dickens and wait on himself. Presently the old man got back and sat out the immediate destruction. The lame man partook freely, and then hobbled outside and sat down on a bench, and got to telling me all about his first wife's relatives in "Illinoy," all of which was as interesting to the writer as a cat concert. Then he began to unwind several yards of greasy rag ror the purpose of showing me his sore foot. I tried to prevail on him not doing so, but he wanted to show me how the axe went in. I suggested he had better not expose his sore foot—he might take cold in it; I would take his word for it; I didn't want to see it; in fact would rather give him a chromo than to look at it. But it was no use, show it he would, and look at it I must, after which I had no more appetite for dinner than a saw-horse might have; and since then I have been wondering if that landlord keeps that old fellow laying around his house to show people his sore foot and destroy their appetites. I believe he does, for dinner was announced immediately after the exhibition. I may go there again, but if I do, will take a gun along, and if that old sinner persists in showing me how his sore foot is progressing, there will be a sudden death up along the Bald Eagle railroad, sure. RUSTIC.

Dauchy & Co.,

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System

Its Medical Properties are

ALTERATIVE, TONIC, SOLVENT, AND DIURETIC.

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every tint of SCROFULA, SCROFULOUS HUMOR, TUMORS, CANCER, CANCEROUS HUMOR, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, SYPHILITIC DISEASES, CANKER, FAINTNESS AT THE STOMACH, and all diseases that arise from impure blood. SCIATICA, INFLAMATORY and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT AND SPINAL COMPLAINTS, can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For ULCERS and ERUPTIVE DISEASES of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead and Ringworm, VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For PAINS IN THE BACK, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, DROPSY, FEMALE WEAKNESS, LEUCORRHŒA, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and GENERAL DEBILITY, Vegetine acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HABITUAL COSTIVENESS, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HEADACHE, PILES, NERVOUSNESS and GENERAL PROSTRATION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the Vegetine. It purifies the blood, cleanses all the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by Vegetine have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, Vegetine is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable **Blood Purifier** yet placed before the public.

Are not the many testimonials given for the different complaints satisfactory to any reasonable person suffering from any disease mentioned above, that they can be cured? Read the different testimonials given, and no one can doubt. In many of these cases the persons say that their pain and suffering cannot be expressed, as in cases of scrofula, where, apparently, the whole body was one mass of corruption. If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the *Great Blood Purifier.* The great source of disease originates in the blood: and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention. When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body. The conviction is, in the public mind as well as in the medical profession, that the remedies supplied by the *Vegetable Kingdom* are more safe, more successful in the cure of disease, than mineral medicines. Vegetine is composed of roots, barks and herbs. It is pleasant to take, and is perfectly safe to give to an infant. Do you need it? Do not hesitate to try it. You will never regret it.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT

VEGETINE

FOR TEN TIMES ITS COST.

The great benefit I have received from the use of Vegetine induces me to give my testimony in its favor. I believe it to be not only of great value for restoring the health, but a preventive of diseases peculiar to the spring and summer seasons. I would not be without it for ten times its cost. EDWARD TILDEN,
Attorney and General Agent for Massachusetts of the Craftsmen's Life Assurance Company, No 40 Sears' Building, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.
vol7-no54-4t

Legal Notices.

ESTATE of Roland Curtin, late of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., deceased. Letters of administration upon said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to, present them without delay to

ANDREW G. CURTIN, JR.,
35-6t Administrator.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchaseing, carrying away or meddling in any manner, with all the late personal property of Isaac Miller, including grain in barn and in the ground, and one acre of potatoes, purchased by me at a sheriff's sale, held on the 16th day of August, 1875, the same being in the custody of said Miller, until I shall see fit to remove them.

no32-6t A. S. VALENTINE.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—The will of Mary K. Taylor, late of Unionville having been admitted to probate, letters testamentary thereunto have been issued to the undersigned, of which all persons interested will please take notice.

B. F. LEATHERS,
v7 no 33-6t CHRISTIAN BUCH.

School in the Mountains.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

This institution for YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN will reopen its next regular session on

Wednesday, September 8, 1874,

Thorough instructions will be given in the

Elementary and Higher Branches

of study usually taught in our male and female seminaries. Terms, $5 to $7 per week, according to location of rooms. This includes the ordinary expenses of tuition, boarding and furnished rooms. For particulars apply to

REV. J. P. HUGHES,
july21-3m Principal

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE third number of WIDE AWAKE, the new Boston magazine for "the young of all ages," has reached us. It is very bright with pictures, and its letterpress is most "taking." It opens with a good story by the editor, Miss Farman, "The Strangers from the South," illustrated by Shepherd with a sketch of four young "darkies, from life. Rev. Dr. Rankin, of Washington follows with a baby-poem in Scottish brogue. Mr. Butterworth furnishes a well-illustrated paper concerning Whittier and his Home. Miss Eastman's "Young Rick" grows in years and in mischief. We get a vivid glimpse of the interior of a New England Poor Farm in the present instalment of this vivacious serial. Patty Kingman's "Ten Thousand Monkeys" are duly diverting. "Twice in my Life," by Wm. M. Baker, shows that this popular clerical novelist was not a whit better than anybody else, when he was a boy. There is a capital story for young ladies by Clara F. Guernsey, "Fayette's Ride." Nora Perry furnishes a stirring centennial poem, "Bunker Hill in 1875." The measure is as sweet and wild as the music of the procession,—

"Beat, beat, went the drums, and the fifers played sweet."

To the serial by the editor, "The Cooking Club of Tu-Whit Hollow," we specially call the attention of both the girls and their mothers. It is the most wholesome story we have seen for a long time, brimming with humor, too. By all means let the girls have some cooking-clubs!

Messrs. D. LOTHROP & Co., so well known for their success in issuing choice books for young people, are the publishers. The record of no other house could give a better guarantee for success.

Price $2,00 per year, postage paid.

THE ALDINE for August (Part 20 of the current series,) conveys more pleasure to a large circle of readers and art-lovers—we may say to many thousands of the former, and to the whole array of the latter in America,—than has ever been imparted by any previous issue. Not that it excels all former issues (though in that regard it is certainly most perfect and welcome)—but that in its appearance, so little while after the time when it would have been in our hands, the late calamity unknown, we have the strongest assurance that both the motto on one side of the cover: "Ex famo, lucis!" ("From smoke, light!") and the defiant flame-surrounded figure of the Phenix on the other, mean something practical and determined, and mean that at once. Knowing the necessary delicacy of much of the machinery and many of the arrangements made use of in producing so perfect a work of monthly art as "The Aldine," there was great reason to fear that, if the calamity was not sufficient to break up the enterprise, we should yet be compelled to endure some months of interval, or the acceptance for a time of something very unlike our magnificent art journal. Nothing of the sort, as the appearance of the August number, only ten days behind its time, well assures us. "The Aldine" is not only to live, but to live in full vigor and beauty, and to be, no doubt, eventually all the brighter for the scorching. So may it be!—for the art-circles of America and the world are only more interested in it, now, than the whole body of readers who desire something impossible to be met with in any other direction or publication. In the present issue, artistically, we have an exquisite dark engraving, with the full power of steel, by Cole, after a drawing of John S. Davis from Bonnat—"A Mother of Egypt,"—brimful of the Nile personality and atmosphere; three fine pictures, in continuation of the series of Picturesque Europe"—"Maximilian's Tower, Suabia," "The Nunnery of Ottilienberg, Alsace," and "The Dole of St. Peter, Bohemian Wald;" "Pictures in Fire," and "The Music Lesson," both by Lamoureux, the first with a marked resemblance to Pauline Lucca, and the second with more than a suspicion of Nilsson and two other stars in the musical firmament; a pretty little "Early Sorrow," by T. Cobb; a bold original conception of "Washington Taking Command" (at Cambridge); and two spirited domestic fancies of "Patience" and "The Unbidden Guest." There is also much valuable and interesting reading matter which we have not space to numerate. The Aldine is one of the most valuable and interesting works in the world.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, Sept. 8, 1875.

The ambition of our merchants seems to be to sell for cash on short time, and long time accounts are not solicited. The effect of this is to induce consumers to economise, and the mass of buyers are disposed to hunt up the old clothes and buy according to their means.

WHEAT—The offerings continue light, and buyers are indifferent about purchasing of the new crop; but old is being sought after. Our quotations are now a shade above the Eastern markets for new, but the most of farmers are not anxious to sell just now.

CORN AND RYE—There is very little offering and no inquiry.

OATS—There is a large crop of oats, the most of which has been damaged by the weather. The offerings are very liberal, largely in excess of the demand, and the price has declined to thirty cents. Owing to its being colored or bleached, it cannot be shipped, and the limited demand here, according to the crop, will have a tendency to keep the price below cost of production.

HAY—Some of the Hungarian grass has been damaged by rain in harvesting. Timothy hay is firmly held.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 10
Red wheat	1 10
Rye per bushel	90
Corn, ears	65
Corn, shelled	70
Oats	30
Flour, retail per barrel	6.00
Flour, wholesale	5.50
HAY AND STRAW.	
Hay choice timothy per ton	25 00
Hay Mixed per ton	20 00
STRAW FOR WORKS.	
Oat straw for packing per ton	10 00
Wheat straw, short per ton	8 00
STRAW AT PAPER MILL.	
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	11 00
Short straw per ton	8 00

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per lb	10
Apples per bus	75
Peaches, dried, per lb	15
Cherries, dried, per lb	8
Beans per quart	10
Fresh Butter lb	25
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per lb	10
Cheese per lb	20
Hams per lb	18
Bacon	14 & 12
Side	11
Lard per lb	18
Eggs per doz	15
Tallow, per pound	7
Potatoes per bushel new	50
Dried Beef	25
Beef by the side	6
Cod Fish, whole	6
Canned Tomatoes, per can	20
Oranges per doz	100
Lemons per doz	100

—Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & Co. Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1, 1875

	BID.	ASKED
U. S. 1881, c	25¾	25¾
" 5-20, c. '62, M. and N	16¾	17
" " " '64, " "	17	17¼
" " " '65, " "	18¾	18¾
" " " '65, J. and J	18¾	18¾
" " " '67, " "	20¾	20¾
" " " 68, " "	20¾	20¾
" 10-40, coupon	17¾	17¾
" Pacific 6's cy	23¼	23¾
New 5's, Reg. 1881	17	17¼
" " c. 1881	17¼	17¾
Gold	14¾	15
Silver	107	109
Pennsylvania	59¾	60¾
Reading	56¾	56¾
Philadelphia & Erie	29¾	29¾
Lehigh Navigation	59¾	59¾
" Valley, Ex. Div	69¾	69¾
United R. R. of N. J	131¾	131¾
Oil Creek	9¾	9¾
Northern Central	29¾	30
Central Transportation	46¾	46¾
Nesquehoning	56	56¾
C. & A. Mortgage 6's, '80	104	104¾

Miscellaneous.

Removal

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

BARTLETT

Begs to inform his patrons and the Public in general that he has removed to

NO. 1033 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA,

Where, in addition to the business so long and successfully carried on by him in the men's line, he will make to order and keep in store a large assortment of his own make of

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, &C.

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

His stock will comprise all the leading styles of goods for dress, promenade, school and domestic purposes. No goods will be offered for sale that are not of the best materials and workmanship. He will be able to show the most complete assortment of Shoes ever seen in the United States, including a large stock of FINE SHOES for little children, and genteel SERVICEABLE SHOES for boys and girls.

The prices of his Gent's Boots and Gaiters will be reduced One Dollar per pair, other goods in proportion.

The Public in general are solicited to call and examine goods and prices, without obligation to purchase.

WM. F. BARTLETT,
1033 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

PRICE LIST and directions for self-measurement sent on receipt of post-office address.
34-3m

McCallum, Crease & Sloan,

CARPETINGS

1012 and 1014

CHESTNUT ST.

PHILADELPHIA.

34-3m*

DR. KEYSER

Has examined more lungs, and treated more cases of Pulmonary and Chronic diseases successfully, than any man in Western Pennsylvania. His lung examinations embrace not only hundreds, but in the last 35 years he has listened to and treated over 20,000 cases of Lung Diseases. Pamphlets sent Free. Address.

DR. KEYSER,
32-42 120 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

TASTELESS MEDICINES.

A prominent New York physician lately complained to DUNDAS DICK & CO. about their Sandalwood Oil Capsules, stating that sometimes they cured miraculously, but that a patient of his had taken them without effect. On being informed that several imitations were sold, he inquired and found his patient had not been taking DUNDAS DICK & CO'S.

What happened to this physician may have happened to others, and DUNDAS DICK & CO. take this method of protecting physicians, druggists and themselves, and preventing Oil of Sandalwood from coming into disrepute.

PHYSICIANS who once prescribe the Capsules will **continue to do so**, for they contain the Pure Oil in the **best and cheapest** form.

DUNDAS DICK & CO. use more Oil of Sandalwood than all the Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Perfumers in the United States combined, and this is the sole reason why the **pure oil** is sold Cheaper in their Capsules than in any other form.

OIL OF SANDALWOOD is fast superseding every other remedy, sixty Capsules **only** being required to insure a safe and certain cure in six or eight days. From no other medicine can this result be had.

DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S SOFT CAPSULES solve the problem, long considered by eminent physicians, of how to avoid the nausea and disgust experienced in swallowing, which are well known to detract from, if not destroy, the good effects of many valuable remedies.

Soft Capsules are put up in tin-foil and neat boxes, thirty in each, and are the only Capsules prescribed by physicians.

Tasteless Medicines.—Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in **Dundas Dick & Co's Soft Capsules. No taste. No smell.**

☞ These were the only Capsules admitted to the last Paris Exposition.

Send for circular to 35 Wooster Street, N. Y.

☞ **Sold at all Drug Stores Here.**
v7-3m

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

NINETY-EIGHTH EDITION.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to prices charged. Also, all newspapers in the United States and Canada printing over 5,000 copies each issue. Also, all the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific, and Mechanical, Medical, Masonic, Juvenile, Educational, Commercial, Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Sporting, Musical, Fashion, and other special class Journals; very complete lists. Together with a complete list of over 3,000 German papers printed in the United States. Also, an essay on advertising; many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and everything which a beginner in advertising would like to know.

Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
39-7-3m 41 Park Row, New York.

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED IN 1835.

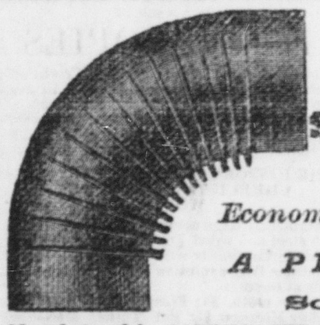
BOERICKE & TAFEL,

HOMŒOPATHIC

PHARMACY, 145 Grand St., New York.

Keep constantly on hand a complete stock of reliable Homœopathic Medicines, and books on Domestic Practice. Goods sent to all parts of the country, by mail or express.

Send stamp for descriptive catalogue and price current. Address as above. v07-n36-2m



ONE MILLION CORRUGATED Stovepipe Elbows

USED BY THOSE DESIRING

Economy, Beauty, Cleanliness, and

A PERFECT DRAFT.

Sold Everywhere.

Manufactured by CORRUGATED ELBOW CO. OF U. S., 52 Cliff Street, N. Y.
45 & 47 Race Street, Cincinnati, 215 & 217 Lake Street, Chicago.

FASHIONS and GOLD COIN PRESENTS!

Smith's "Instant Dress Elevator."

This CUT shows the Upper Part of the Skirt (wrong side out), with the "Elevator" fixed in. You can raise your skirt while passing a muddy place, and then let it fall, or you can keep it raised. It keeps the skirt from the Filth. It Loops the skirt in a Tasteful and Fashionable Manner. It draws all the fullness to the back, making the "straight front." It Saves more than Ten Times its Cost. It can be changed from One Dress to another. Price, 45 cents each. Mailed.

No. 315. This Costume wins the admiration of all. It is one of those styles that is sure to please, especially as it is appropriate for any material, and requires less goods to make than any other suit of equal beauty. It is one of the leading costumes of our city. The stout lady will find it possesses just the secret charm that improves her figure, while the slight or perfect form may feel they were never so advantageously attired. The waist is the regular tablier shape; the overskirt is draped to form a wide ruffle each side of the sash, which may be of the same, or Ribbon. Requires 16 yards of 27-inch goods for entire suit. No. of waist, 3723; pattern, with cloth model, 25 cts. No. of overskirt, 3724; pattern, with cloth model, 25 cts. No. of underskirt, 3725; pattern, with cloth model, 50 cts. Mailed on receipt of price.

315

OR the Patterns and Cloth Models of the ENTIRE SUIT will be GIVEN FREE as PREMIUM to any person who sends $1.10 to us, as one year's subscription to the "PATTERN BAZAAR."

A. BURDETTE SMITH'S

Monthly "World of Fashion,"

FINE ARTS and POLITE Literature.

Single Copies 25 Cents.

Subscription Price, $3 a year, post-paid, including a premium of Two Dollars' worth of patterns free to each subscriber.

We send our **CERTIFICATES** for this amount upon receipt of subscription. **(TWO)** of our **DRESS ELEVATORS** will be given **IN PLACE** of One Dollar's worth of Patterns, if desired).

The "MONTHLY WORLD OF FASHION," the very finest, most Beautiful, attractive magazine to be found in this country, and every person who begins with taking it, will NEVER discontinue it while it is published.

Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar.
Sample copy, 25 Cents.

Subscription price, $1.10 a year, post-paid.
One Dollar's worth of patterns given to each subscriber FREE as premium.

$4,500 in Gold Coin To Give Away!

We will give $2,000 in GOLD COIN to 65 persons who send us the largest number of subscribers to our "WORLD OF FASHION," at **$3** each, before March 5, 1876. As follows: To the getter-up of the

Largest Club	$400 in Gold Coin
2nd Largest Club	200 in Gold Coin
3rd Largest Club	150 in Gold Coin
4th Largest Club	130 in Gold Coin
5th Largest Club	120 in Gold Coin
6th Largest Club	110 in Gold Coin
7th Largest Club	100 in Gold Coin
8th Largest Club	75 in Gold Coin
9th Largest Club	50 in Gold Coin
10th Largest Club	35 in Gold Coin
11th Largest Club	25 in Gold Coin

and so on to the 65th Largest Club.

We will give $2,500 in Gold Coin to 133 persons who will send us the largest number of subscribers to our "BAZAAR," at **$1.10** cents each, before March 1, 1876. As follows to the getter-up of the

Largest Club	$400 in Gold Coin
2nd Largest Club	200 in Gold Coin
3rd Largest Club	150 in Gold Coin
4th Largest Club	125 in Gold Coin
5th Largest Club	100 in Gold Coin
6th Largest Club	75 in Gold Coin
7th Largest Club	50 in Gold Coin
8th Largest Club	25 in Gold Coin
9th Largest Club	25 in Gold Coin
10th Largest Club	25 in Gold Coin
11th Largest Club	25 in Gold Coin

and so on to the 133d Largest Club.

YOU get a PREMIUM for Every subscriber you send us AND every subscriber gets a premium. Both of these GOLD COIN PRESENTS offers will be found at full length in the September Number, besides the names and P. O. addresses of 102 persons to whom we have just paid $2,135.50 in Gold, according to our previous Offers. You can write to One or All of them, and they will tell you that we do exactly as we promise.

YOUR BEST way is to send your own subscription to either of our Magazines, when you will get the first number and your Certificates of Premiums, which you can show, and at once begin getting subscribers, or send 25 cents for one copy. Send Stamp for FASHION CATALOGUE. 31-4w

A. BURDETTE SMITH,
P. O. Box 5055. *914 Broadway, New York City.*

MEDICAL.

CHEROKEE REMEDY.

THE GREAT INDIAN DIURETIC.

INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO BUCHU.

Nine tenths of the human family suffer, directly or indirectly, at one time or other, from diseases or irregularities of the generative system, while the victims of indiscretion, and of quack treatment, are comparatively numerous.

The ides that patients cannot treat themselves successfully in these cases, has long ago been exploded. A good and reliable medicine, prepared by an experienced physician, from the original Indian Recipe, that is guaranteed to effect a

SPEEDY AND RADICAL CURE.

can be as safely relied upon as the prescription of the most skillful practitioner. Such a medicine is the celebrated

CHEROKEE REMEDY.

Full directions accompany each bottle, and if they are carefully followed, a quick and permanent cure is guarranteed. Price $2.00 per bottle.

THE CHEROKEE INJECTION,

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas, of Centre County, to make distribution of the money arising from the sale of the real estate of Samuel Pamler and wife, to and amongst those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 16th day of August, 1875, at 2 o'clock p. M., when and where all persons interested are requested to attend. ADAM HOY,
Auditor.

In the District Court of the United States, for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of JACOB V. THOMAS, *Bankrupt.* } No. 1600 in Bankruptcy

Western District of Pennsylvania, ss:

Upon the application of C. T. Alexander, Assignee of the estate of Jacob V. Thomas, of Bellefonte, Bankrupt, it is ordered: That a second general meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt be held in Bellefonte, in said District, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1875, at 4 o'clock P. M., at the office of F. Smith, at the Bush House, one of the registers in bankruptcy in said District, for the purposes named in the twenty-seventh section of the Bankrupt Act of March 2nd, 1867.

vol 7-no34 S. O. McCANDLESS,
Clerk of the District Court for said District.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—The will of James A. McCalmont, late of Marion town ship, having been admitted to probate, letters testamentary thereunder have been issued to the undersigned, of which all persons interested will please take notice.

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ROBERT S. McCALMONT,
Walker P. O., Centre County, Pa.,
WM. SHORTLIDGE,
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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

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Moral and Religious.

LESSON XXXVII.

September 12, 1875.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

JOHN 10, 1-11.

1 Verily, Verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

7 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

8 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers; but the sheep did not hear them.

9 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

10 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

11 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

Commit to memory, vs. 10, 11.

Parallel Passages.—Jer. xxxiii. 4; Ezek. xxxiv. 8; Acts xx. 28.

Scripture Readings.—With v. 1, compare Jer. xxiii. 21; with vs. 2, 3, 2 Tim. ii. 19; with v. 4, Song ii. 8; with v. 5, Rev. ii. 2; with vs. 6, 7, Isa. xxviii. 10; with v. 8, Ezek. xxxiv. 2; with v. 9, Heb. xiii. 20, with v. 10, 1 Pet. v. 4; with v. 11, Isa. liii. 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.—Isa. xl. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord is our shepherd.

This passage, as far as v. 5, is a parable, one of two given by John (see John xv.), but not called "parable" in Greek, but a word meaning *pithy figure*, striking saying. The remainder of the address is an unfolding of it with some variations of the picture. We may be sure the Lord was true to life in his illustrations. It was not the figures in his picture, but their application, the people did not understand.

Among a people who always, since the days of the patriarchs, had flocks and herds, references to shepherd life abound. They occur frequently in the prophets, and were fitting in the lips of the Great Prophet. And if many of us must place ourselves, by reading and inquiry, alongside the shepherd life, in order to see the point of the Lord's allusions, let us remember that this is one of the ways in which the Bible stimulates the mind to the pursuit of knowledge, and also that many millions of people in the unchanging East, feel their force and live in familiarity with them.

Our Lord intended, in the first place, to assert his own claims to be received, followed, and trusted; as opposed to the Pharisees, seen in their selfish cruelty in the chapter before, v. 39. The link of connection is in v. 40, "Are we blind." This is the reply. He meant in the second place to lay down principles that should guide his people to the end. On that which is plain and familiar and enforced elsewhere, we dwell less on what is peculiar to this parable.

V. 1 has the solemn and earnest, "Verily, verily," which bespeaks attention, and intimates a new and important theme. Sheepfolds were more or less costly and secure according to the season, situation and wealth of the owner. Usually, they had a gate for common entrance of the flock, without any regular order, and which could be closed against going out or coming in; and a small door, only permitting the passage of one sheep, by which the owner could enter for examination or any other end. He would enter it id the usual way and as an owner. Any one entering it by climbing the wall or penetrating the roof, would be set down as a (violent) robber, a (sneak) "thief." On the other hand

(V. 2), a man presenting himself at the door would be felt to be the shepherd, (the Greek has "is a shepherd," a true shepherd), having a right there; and the keeper of the fold, attendant or under shepherd, "porter" opens to him, as recognizing him. In the East, in Greece and elsewhere, the sheep are named as dogs are with us, know their names when called by the shepherd, but attend to no one else even though in the shepherd's clothes, it is alleged, and are called instead of driven. All this explains v. 3. We regard the "porter" as simply filling in the picture, and not to be taken as the Father of the Holy Ghost, but like the inn (Luke x. 34).

(V. 3, 4). We seem to see the shepherd in his sheep-skin coat, his water-bottle slung to his side, with his pipe of reed and his long staff, sending out of the fold such sheep as he desires, then preceding them to the pastures to which he desires to lead them, with his familiar call which they follow, "for they know his voice." On the other hand a stranger calls to them in vain, for (V. 5), "they know not the voice of strangers."

(*a*) *The human race* was the Lord's fold; but a robber broke in, feigned himself a true shepherd caring for the sheep, and they were deceived (5 Tim. ii. 14). That was the devil who came to steal and to kill and to destroy (v. 10); but this is not the idea here.

(*b*) Then the Hebrew race became his fold (he had other sheep indeed than in it, v. 16), and he went before it like a shepherd (Ps. lxxx. 1). The distinction between true or spiritual Israel and Israel only after the flesh: the goats as distinguished from the sheep is not here heeded. Of this fold he was by right, by God's appointment, the shepherd. All who set themselves up against him, or claim to have shepherd authority, except by him, he calls thieves and robbers, with no real rights over the sheep, and only aiming at their own interests, even if their interests required them to steal and to kill and to destroy.

But this is just what the arrogant, usurping Pharisees had done when they drove out this man—a simple, believing soul that recognized the voice of the Shepherd. (See John ix. 17, 30, 31, 32, 35, and 34-38.) And

(*c*) The Christian Church is his fold now. None can truly and lawfully enter it but in his way, according to his will, which we know by his word. His reference is to (*b*) the Jewish church in which the Pharisees were lawlessly acting as shepherds: but "they understood not" (v. 6), did not, they could not, for they would not. Hence he makes the position stronger, in

V. 7, "I am the door of (for) the sheep, by me they enter into the secure fold." But here are rivals setting up their authority against his, and so suggesting all false Christ's and all usurped authority. So he adds,

V. 8, "All that ever came instead of me [so the best rendering seems to be] are thieves and robbers," regardless of right, and violently or deceitfully promoting their own interests. But the (true) sheep did not hear them. Any who followed them were not my own sheep (vs. 3, 4). Then follows a contrast between such counterfeits and the shepherd, in

V. 9, 10, they come to steal, he comes to give; they come to kill, he comes to give life; they come to destroy, he comes that they may have life abundantly, life with freedom, "going in and out," life with supplies, that they may find pasture. Does this appear an empty boast? Nay, he adds:

V. 11, "I am the good [true ideal] shepherd caring for the sheep [not self], even giving my life for the sheep;" as opposed to hirelings, with whom self is the first consideration. This begins a new line of thought.

1. We learn the meaning of Christ being King and head of the Church. Men claimed to put in or out of the church as suited them (John ix. 34). Christ says he only has the right to do that. The sheep are his, he knows them, they know him. Any one, then, put out, except as Christ orders it in his word, is not really put out, for there was no authority to do it. Therefore, excommunications and persecutions of men who believed in Jesus, did not put them out of his church. The same is true now. Anyone thrust out of the church, except according to Christ's declared will, ir not thrust out.

2. We see how such usurpers are regarded by Christ, "thieves and robbers" unprincipled, utterly selfish, bent on keeping up their own authority or class, even with violence, if needful. They are anti-Christ (1 John ii. 18), no matter what name they bear. They put their way in the room of Christ's way. No wonder they are denounced in Scripture (2 John 8; Zech. xi. 17; Phil. iii. 19).

3. The place of the pastoral office. Jesus is chief shepherd. As we apply the word carpenter to a master, and to the men he employs, so Christ and his under-shepherds are called by the same name. They can only come into his employment in one way, as he has declared in his word. They must have the heart of shepherds—unselfish love for the sheep. Christ only can make a minister; the Presbytery or other body of Christians can recognize his gift.

4. We see the nature of the true church. When we enter Christ we enter it. Out of Christ we are out of it, no matter how high our standing. There has been a true church always.

We see the priviliges of its members in Christ, having life, pasture, freedom, abundance.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.—Connection of this event with ch. 9; force of "verily, verily;" style of address employed here; pastoral life; ancient; common; well understood; necessity upon us; value of this arrangement; the true shepherd; the false; contrast between; the particulars; peculiar methods with the sheep; mingling of figures; how Christ is the door; the true power in the church; its exercise; assumed power; value of its deeds; the Pharisees' act; its worthlessness; the fold of old; now; the pastoral office; how ministers are under-shepherds, and the advantages of being "the sheep."

ILLUSTRATION.—It is said that a traveller once asserted to a Syrian shepherd his belief that the sheep knew the *dress*, and not the *voice*, of their master. So he exchanged clothes with the shepherd, went to the flock, and called on them to follow him, but without success. The shepherd then called, and the sheep ran to him at once, notwithstanding his disguise in dress.

BIBLE READING.

The Good Shepherd and His Sheep.

FOR SUNDAY, SEPT. 12.

PREPARED BY R. C.

NOTE.—After the leader has read John 10, 1-5, the person having question No. 1, should rise promptly and ask the question in a conversational way. The leader then reads or repeats the Scripture answer, and so on in order to the close. By previous arrangement some of the answers might be assigned to individuals in the school or meeting.

1. Who is he that is called "the Shepherd of the sheep?" Jesus says: I am the good Shepherd. I am the door of the sheep (John 10, 7, 11).

2. How does this good Shepherd regard his sheep? He says: I know my sheep, and am known of mine; and I lay down my life for the sheep (John 10, 14, 19).

3. Is Jesus always the leader of his sheep? He goeth before them (John 10, 4), and leadeth them out (John 10, 3).

4. How may we know the true Shepherd from the false? The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep (John, 10, 11).

5. How does the false Shepherd treat the sheep?

But he that is an hireling, and not the Shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep:

The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep (John, 10, 12, 13).

6 How does Jesus, the good Shepherd provide for his flock? The Prophet Isaiah says: He shall feed his flock like a shepherd (Isaiah, 40, 11), f. c.

7 How does he treat the lambs? He shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom (Isaiah, 40, 11).

8. Is it certain that Jesus will keep his sheep from all harm? We have his own word for that. He says:

As a Shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep *that are* scattered; so will I seek out My sheep, and I will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.

9. What proof have we that he will always thus care for the sheep? The good Shepherd himself says of them:

And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. (John 10, 28).

10. How do the sheep regard their shepherd? The sheep follow him for they know his voice. (John 10, 4).

11. Do the sheep ever follow others except their own shepherd?

A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers [John 10, 5].

12. What does Jesus say about his sheep following him?

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me (John 10, 27).

13. Did the sheep that follow Christ ever go astray?

My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill: yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek *after them* (Ez. 34. 6).

14. Does Jesus seek after and bring back the wanderers?

And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from the countries, and will bring them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel by the rivers, and in all the inhabited places of the country (Ez. 34. 13.)

15. Are there different and separate flocks in the fold of Christ?

He assures us that "there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." (John 10, 16).

16. What are some of the good things the sheep enjoy?

I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel (Ez. 34. 14).

17. Will Jesus surely bring all his sheep at last to a safe and happy fold?

This strong assurance is given us in Rev. 7, 17.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The following recipe for preserving eggs, from Wright's "Poultry Book," is recommended very highly: To four gallons of boiling water add half a peck of new lime, stirring it some little time. When cold remove any hard lumps with a coarse sieve, add ten ounces salt, three ounces cream of tartar, and mix thoroughly. The mixture is then to stand a fortnight before using. The eggs are to be packed as closely as possible and to be kept closely covered up. If put in when new-laid they will keep nine months.

A CLEVELAND woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail cut off, saying in explanation, "Too muchee dam yank."

Agricultural.

Permanent Improvement.

In an argument on underdraining, a contemporary says that "if by spending $1,000 in drainage and other productive improvements he permanently increases the income of his field sixty dollars a year, it is a good investment, and he need not look anxiously every morning in the daily paper to ascertain whether it is lost or not. In annual crops, like market truck, if the use of $100 worth of extra manure will raise $106 worth of extra produce, it is a fair business transaction, as good as the savings' bank, but a market gardener expects, and often realizes, six times six per cent. on such an investment." The point is not a good one. If one deposits his money at interest in a savings' bank, or in some good security, he not only has the interest, but he has the chance of getting the principal sum back again if he needs it. But if he puts $1,000, as suggested, in drains undergrouud, and gets $60 a year therefor he has to wait seventeen years before he gets a thousand dollars, no matter how great his needs may be, and then he has comparatively little interest all that time. But the chance is, long before the seventeen years are up, he will not own the ground, and those who do own it will have other objects than mere farming, so that for the thousand spent he may not even get five hundred back. True, as our friend says, if he sinks his money in the ground in this way he need not look in the daily paper every morning to see whether it is lost or not. He need not look anywhere. He will never see it again. There are plenty of institutions who would gladly give sixty dollars a year for a thousand, and more too, if they are never to be called on for payment of the principal, and this, too, on such good security that no one need ever look into a paper "to see what has become of it." We take an interest in the improvement of the land. We believe we have done as much as any to encourage farmers to do this. But they are not children, and when any one wishes to urge them to underdrain their lands, it is just as well to use arguments that will "hold water." If we had nothing better than this to work with in our efforts for agricultural improvement, we might as well lay down our pens.

Profit in Wheat.

Farmers complain that they make no profit out of the wheat crop, but in most cases lose money by it. Yet wheat is a staple crop that must be grown, not only because the world needs it, but farming has become subject to such an inexorable system, that wheat must be grown or the whole business is thrown out of joint and must come to a standstill. Yet wheat, we confess, is grown at a loss by many farmers, and without profit by the majority.

The problem is, How can the growing of a crop of twenty-five or thirty bushels of wheat per acre, at the present prices, be made a profitable business? If there is nothing to count to the credit of the crop but the gain, which will hardly amount to $40 per acre, and everything that goes to make the crop is charged to it, as is the usual method, there can be little margin left for profit, even if the costs are paid. But if the farmer should adopt such a system as would enable him to feed his straw, and make it worth $7 or $8 a ton, that would add $10 or $12 to the produce of the acre. If he should practise such a rotation as would place the wheat crop upon a clover stubble, the cost of the manure might be reduced one-half, which would add another $10 to the credit of the acre of wheat. With a system of farming in which all the straw would be fed with linseed or cotton-seed cake to fattening cattle, and manure enough made to grow a crop of roots after corn, and a clover crop after the oats or barley, and no hay or roots sold, but all turned into manure, there would be no trouble about growing thirty bushels of wheat per acre, if not more, taking one year with another, and making the crop profitable. To do this, however, it would require a much larger capital than most farmers possess. To procure the stock necessary to make 100 pounds of meat and two or three tons of manure per acre on a 100-acre farm, purchase the extra food, and provide the shelter needed, would require the use of at least $4,000. There would be needed in many cases outlays for drainage in addition to this, but every dollar thus spent, if spent judiciously, would always be in sight and would be equivalent to the merchant's capital, which is spent in salable merchandise. Here lies one of our chief difficulties. We have not enough live capital invested in our farming business, and few farmers are possessed of ready money. It is the active dollar which doubles itself. The dollar hidden in a napkin, or invested in land which lies useless, brings in nothing to the owner; and there is no usurer who can employ money to a better advantage than the skillful farmer. The veteran John Johnson, of Geneva, repaid a loan which was spent in draining a field by the first crop of wheat after it. We have known a purchase of sheep to pay more than 100 per cent. on the outlay within eight months from direct increase alone, lambs, mutton, and wool included. It is by such enterprise as this that farmers can make the wheat crop pay, for $1 of floating capital may enable $10 of dead capital to become productive and realize a profit on the whole $11. Unfortunately, farmers have not yet learned how to associate their capital, or to use borrowed capital in the way that merchants do. They are ready to mortgage their farms to buy an adjoining piece of land which will pay no interest for years, and then not without the expenditure of more money to improve it, or to build a showy barn, which is of more real value than the old one; but few are brave enough to invest money in enriching their land, clearing it of weeds, fencing it of cumbersome fences or of stagnant water, forgetting that an acre of land that is made to double its yeild is worth exactly double what it was before.—*Times.*

FROM Scotland comes a novelty among railway stories. A merry butcher from a village in the country had been indulging in some festivities in the town, and remained too late to get home by the coach. Finding his way to the North British Railway Station, the tipsy man, in the momentary absence of fireman and driver, mounted the engine of a train which was partly filled with passengers at the platform, and turning on the steam, ran away with the train! He ran nearly two miles before the train was caught. Fortunately no harm ensued, but the man was brought to trial by the public prosecutor for culpable recklessness, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment in jail.

IT was 12 o'clock at night when Mr. Berger, of Macon, Ga., discovered a colored preacher in his stable untying a horse, and the preacher only observed—"Jess what I said all de time, Mistah Berger, your horse is bay sure enuff, and dat 'spute between me an' Brudder Jackson is settled."

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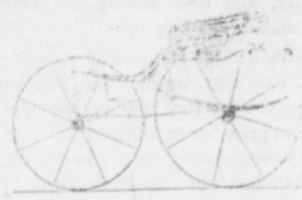

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REMOVAL.
F. C. RICHARDS

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired upon shortest notice. vol7-no8-tf

CAR SHOPS.

BELLEFONTE
CAR MANUFACTURING CO.,
(Successor to W. V. Hughes.)
BELLEFONTE

Manufactures and keeps always on hand
WHITE AND YELLOW
PINE FLOORING,
Weather boarding, of various styles,
Sash,
Blinds,
Doors,
Mouldings,
Brackets,
Scroll Sawing of every Description,
and Brackets of all sizes made to order.

Having a
BUCKLEY'S PATENT LUMBER DRYER
Connected with our establishment, we are enabled to manufacture our work from
THOROUGHLY SEASONED LUMBER

Orders from
CONTRACTORS, BUILDERS, DEALERS,
and the trade generally solicited.
BELLEFONTE CAR MANF'G CO.
5-25-tf. Bellefonte Centre co., Pa.

Philadelphia Advertisements

STAIR BUILDER. JOHN E. YEAGER, 918-20-22 & 24 North 20th St., Phila. Hand Railing of every description, Baluster and Newell Posts made to order at lowest prices. 15-12w

FINE BOOTS & SHOES For Gentlemen and Boys, also Riding Leggins at JACOB ZAUN & SON, 905 Arch St., Phila. 15-12w

IRON FENCES. The New Iron Nailed to Iron. The Best Iron Fence in the World, for Lots, Cemeteries, &c. Send for Circular to WICKERSHAM & BRO., 1003 Ridge Ave. Phila. 15-12w

WATCHES & JEWELRY. At the old established Stand of MOORE & BRO, 1031 Market Street, Philadelphia. 15-12w.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscription to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The funds realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundred birth-day of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will recieve a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial.

Interest at the rate of six per cent per annum will be paid on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January 1, 1876.

Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or post-office order to the undersigned.

FREDK. FARLEY, Treasurer,
924 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Hotels.

RAIL ROAD HOUSE
Corner Front and Pine Street,
PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO., PA.
ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.
The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

WEST STREET HOTEL.
Nos. 41, 42, 43 and 44 West St.,
NEW YORK.
A Temperance House,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
ROOMS 50 and 75 cents per Day. CHARGES very MODERATE. The best meats and vegetables in the market. BEST BEDS in the City.
6-28-1y B. T. BABBITT, Proprietor.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,
CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,
FOURTH ST.
A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-9-tf

Boots and Shoes.

LOUIS DOLL,
BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURER,
HIGH St., NEXT DOOR TO FELTY'S NEW BUILDING,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Has removed his Store from Felty's building to a new building erected expressly for his own use adjoining his old stand, where he will be pleased to meet his friends.
Repairing neatly and promptly attended to.
5-29-1y

POWERS'
BOOT & SHOE STORE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
CHEAPEST AND BEST STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
of every description kept in Centre County, and selling at
PANIC PRICES.
FINE AND HEAVY SHOES
FOR LADIES.
FINE & HEAVY BOOTS & SHOES
FOR GENTLEMEN.
WE DEFY COMPETITION!
either in quality or prices. Call and examine our new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage.
vol7no8-6m

CAUTION.—NOTICE.—The GENUINE EDITION

Life and Labors of LIVINGSTONE,

(Including the "LAST JOURNALS,") unfolds vividly his 30 years strange adventures, also the curiosities, Wonders and Wealth of that marvelous country, and is absolutely the new, complete work. Hence IT SELLS; just think, 12,000 first 7 weeks. 805 pages, 100 rare Illustrations, only $3.00. Agents wanted. Send for TERMS and POSITIVE proof. HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. $12.00 $27-6m

Miscellaneous.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO
PURE
AND
SILVER GLOSS STARCH,
For the Laundry.
MANUFACTURED BY
T. KINGSFORD & SON.
BEST STARCH IN THE WORLD.
GIVES A BEAUTIFUL FINISH TO THE LINEN, and the difference in cost between it and common starch is scarcely half a cent for an ordinary washing. Ask your grocer for it.

KINGSFORD'S
Oswego Corn Starch,
FOR PUDDINGS, BLANC MANGE,
Ice Cream, &c.
Is the original—Established in 1848. And preserves its reputation as PURER, STRONGER and MORE DELICATE than any other article of the kind offered, either of the same name or with other titles.

STEVENSON MACADAM, Ph. D., &c., the highest chemical authority of Europe, carefully analyzed this Corn Starch, and says it is a most excellent article of diet, and in chemical and feeding properties is fully equal to the best arrow root.

Directions for making Puddings, Custards, &c., accompany each one pound package.

For Sale by all First-class Grocers.
24-3m

AMERICAN WASH BLUE,
For Laundry and Household Use,
MANUFACTURED AT THE
American Ultramarine Works,
NEWARK, N. J.
Our Wash Blue is the best in the world. It does not streak, contains nothing injurious to health or fabric, and is used by all large laundries on account of its pleasing effect and cheapness. Superior for whitewashing. Put up in packages convenient for family use. Price 10 cents each.

For sale by grocers everywhere. Always ask for the American Wash Blue, if you want the cheapest and best.
AMERICAN ULTRAMARINE WORKS,
Office, 72 William Street New York.
24-3m

ADVERTISING: Cheap: Good: Systematic. All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertions of advertisements, should send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, for their PAMPHLET-BOOK (ninety-seventh edition), containing lists of over 2,000 newspapers and estimates, showing the cost. Advertisements taken for leading papers in many states at a tremendous reduction from publishers' rates. Get the book. 7-2-1y

THE BEST
PRAIRIE LANDS
IN
IOWA AND NEBRASKA,
FOR SALE BY
The Burlington & Missouri River RAILROAD CO.,
On Ten Year's Credit at 6 per cent. Interest.

ONE MILLION ACRES in Iowa and Southern Nebraska.

The finest country in the world to combine Farming and Stock Raising. The SOIL is rich and easily cultivated; CLIMATE warm; SEASONS long; Taxes low and EDUCATION Free. No payments required on principal till FIFTH year, and then ONE-SEVENTH EACH YEAR UNTIL PAID.

LAND EXPLORING TICKETS
Sold at important stations on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and cost of same refunded when land is bought.

HALF FARE to families of purchase, and LOW FREIGHTS on household goods and farm stock.

TWENTY PER CENT. premium for cultivation.

LARGE DISCOUNT for Cash within one, two and three years.

PRODUCTS WILL PAY FOR LAND AND IMPROVEMENTS LONG BEFORE THE PRINCIPAL BECOMES DUE.

"The so-called destitution in Nebraska lies in the far western region, beyond the lands of the B. & M. R. R. Co."

☞For circulars that will describe fully these lands, and the terms of sale, apply to or address,

LAND COMMISSIONER,
Burlington, Iowa, for Iowa lands,
or Lincoln Neb., for Nebraska lands.
CHAS. S. MOCKS,
Lewistown, Pa. 21-3m

Were again awarded the highest premium, over all makers, at the late Franklin Institute Exhibition, and are the only First-class Instruments that can be obtained at Manufacturer's cost prices.

$300
For an Elegant 7⅓ oct. Rosewood Piano. The following are a few of the Principal Medals received.

First Prize Medal,	(Franklin Institute,)	1874
" Silver "	(Grand Piano)	1858
" Prize "	Crystal Palace World Fair N Y	53
" Gold "	American Inst., N. Y	1848
" Prize "	Maryland Inst., Baltimore	1848
" Silver "	Franklin Inst., Phila.	1845

Pianos ordered by mail, are carefully selected, and remittance is not required, until the instrument is received and approved. All our styles and classes, are built of the same excellent material and workmanship. Every instrument is fully guaranteed.

☞Write or send for illustrated catalogue, and price list, giving full description of styles, prices, etc.

SCHOMACKER PIANO MF'G CO.,
9-19t Warerooms 1103 Chestnut St., Phila.

LOOK! LOOK!

We have a limited stock of

BILL HEADS

which we will print and sell for

$3 $2 PER THOUSAND,

Order now. We have only a limited stock at the above price and shall not probably have any more. Send for sample.

REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

Merchant Tailors.

WM. S. TRIPPLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
McCAFFERTY'S NEW BUILDING, Opposite Depot.
Has just received a large invoice of GENTLEMENS'
FURNISHING GOODS.
of the latest styles,
FASHIONABLE SUITS
MADE TO ORDER AT
LOW CASH PRICES.
v5-12-1y

Merchant Tailoring Establishment
NO. 7, BROCKERHOFF'S ROW,
BELLEFONTE PA

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Centre county and the public generally, that he is just opening a Splendid and Rich Assortment of Foreign and Domestic

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
AND
VESTINGS,

Which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable styles, for men or boys. Goods sold by the piece or by the yard. He also keeps on hand a full line o

Gents Furnishing Goods

of every style and variety, consisting of

HATS AND CAPS,
STRAW GOODS,
MUSLIN OR LINEN SHIRTS,
Underclothes for Summer or Winter Wear, Suspenders, Hose, Neck Ties, Collars, both Paper and Linen, Handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of KID GLOVES—"The Jouvin"—a full assortment of sizes, colors &c., on hand.

JOHN MONTGOMERY,
No. 7, Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa.
v4n34-1y

MERCHANT TAILORING.

NO. FOUR BROCKERHOFF ROW,
ALLEGHENY STREET.
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Just received by
WM. McCLELLAN,
a most complete stock of
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS;

which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable style for men or boys.

Particular attention given to cutting and fitting.

He also keeps on hand a full line of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, underclothes for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a full assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.

WM. McCLELLAN,
No. 4 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa.
5-13—tf

Expresses.

SOLOMON DERR.—Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-28-1y.

ISAAC LOSE Takes this Method to inform his friends and the public generaly that he is prepared to do all kinds of express business and will deliver promptly to any point in Bellefonte or the county anything that may be trusted to his care. Thankful for past favors asks a continuence of public favor. 5-6-tf

JNO. D. SOURBECK.
LOCAL EXPRESS.
A local expressing promptly attende to reasonable rates.
Also, proprietor of all the bill boards in town
BILL POSTING A SPECIALTY.
5-16 1y

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, Hair Oil Hair Restoratives, &c., constantly on hand. WARM AND COLD BATHS. 5-1-tf

WM. MILLS,
FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.
Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Felty's new building, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa. 5-29-1y

DR. T. BROWN, NO. 82 SECOND AVE, (Lee, between Wood and Market Streets, Pittsburgh, continues to guarantee his cures in cases of PRIVATE DISEASES. His remedies are prepared by himself. No patient will be sent to a druggist for his medicine. Having had a large experience in a practice of over 20 years, he can insure relief in a few days. Terms low and cures certain. Delicate disease, liver complaint, palpitation of the heart, strict urea diseases of the bladder and kidneys, general debility and nervousness yield readily to his treatment. All letters containing a fee or postage stamp promptly answered. 26-3t

WYOMING SEMI-MONTHLY
LOTTERY
Legalized by the Legislature. Draws on the 15th and 30th of each month. Tickets $1 each, 6 for $5. 1 chance in 5. $200,000 in cash prizes. Capital Prize $50,000. Agents wanted. Particulars. Address J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City Wyoming. 26-13t

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 90, G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefont Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72 I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 243, R. A. M. meets on Thursday night preceding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 3, K. T., meets on second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that the firm of Loeb, May & Loeb has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be conducted by S. & A. Loeb, who are also authorized to settle up the books of the late firm.

ADOLPH LOEB,
ISAAC MAY,
SIMON LOEB.

7-34-3t.

Bellefonte and County.

Who May Vote.

It is well to remind our readers that, under the New Constitution, every person offering to vote must show:

I. That he has been a citizen of the United States at least one month. This will cut off all persons naturalized after the 2nd day of October, this year.

II. That he has resided in the State a year, or, if formerly a qualified elector and removed therefrom, shall have returned six months preceding the election.

III. That he has resided in the Election District where he offers to vote at least two months immediately before the election.

IV. That he has, within two years and at least a month before the election, paid a State or County tax assessed at least two months before the election.

The date of holding the next election is Tuesday, November 2.

Wednesday, September 1, is the last day on which voters can be assessed.

Wednesday, September 1st, is the last day to "move" and retain the right to vote.

Friday, October 1, is the last day on which they can pay taxes.

Saturday, October 2, is the last day for taking out naturalization papers.

——Bellefonte is a pretty lively town, but she don't have camp-meetings.

——Heard the latest slang phrase? It's "I'll talk it over with Susan."

——"If the market ain't glutted with peaches, I am," remarks our Tom as he shies a pit at the office cat.

——A new bank has been opened at Osceola. George M. Brisbin, Esq., is president and William H. Sanford, late of Philipsburg, cashier.

——On Sunday, Mr. Jacob Burket, of Rebersburg, had his thigh broken by a kick from a horse. The bone was fractured from knee to thigh.

——The colored people of this place held a Sunday School pic-nic, in Armor's woods on Thursday last. There was a good crowd of them and everything passed off pleasantly.

——The corner stone of the new M. E. Church at Howard, will be laid on next Sunday, the 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M. Former pastors and others are invited. G. W. Miller, of Bellefonte, will officiate.

——Brother Kinsloe, of the Clinton *Republican* backs out of the spelling contest. Now, let him own up like a man and we'll see what we can do for the Mission School library.

——There are plenty of Democrats who offer to bet two to one that over one-half of the number of Republican candidates in this county will be elected this fall. How do you like that, bold Freddy Kurtz?

——Major David Hough, the veteran surveyor, has purchased the Lewistown *True Democrat*, and proposes to run the machine himself. The major has surveyed the field and thinks there's millions in it. Blaze away, David, all along the line.

——Some unknown party attempted to break into the residence of Samuel Foster, on Water street, about two o'clock on last Sunday night; but there happened to be two courageous men about the premises who would have annihilated him in about ten seconds if he'd only remained there much longer.

——There are many thousands of Democrats in Pennsylvania who, for the last four months, have held no views at all on the question of finance—who, to-morrow, when they read the action of the Erie Convention, will side with the Convention's views, and boldly tell the world that *that's* what they have held all the time. Liars!

THE PENNSVALLEY CAVE.—There has been so much talk about the great cave in Gregg township, this county, that we determined to visit it, and give our readers a truthful statement of what it really is. We visited it on Saturday, exploring its every chamber and avenue; and are prepared to say, without fear of successful contradiction, that it is the most remarkable cave in the State of Pennsylvania. We left Centre Hall immediately after dinner, and proceeded down Pennsvalley almost to the end of Brush mountain, in Gregg township, a distance of four good miles from Centre Hall. Our companions were, District Attorney J. L. Spangler, H. Van Pelt, of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company; Mr. John Spangler, proprietor of the Centre Hall Hotel; Mr. Jacob Harpster, and two others, half-grown boys. The Brushvalley road takes you almost to the cave, and you reach it by taking a cross road at Heckla Gap, and driving northward across the valley a distance of perhaps half a mile. The surface of the country about the cave is slightly rolling, a thin soil covering here the vast bed of lime-stone rocks that lie beneath broad fields and beautiful forests of Pennsvalley. The farm under which the cave lies is owned by Mr. George Long, but is familiarly called the Van Tries farm, having formerly been owned by our venerable townsman, Samuel Van Tries, Esq.

The first object of curiosity that was examined is what is known as the "Ice Cave." This is a cave located at the edge of a small wood. The entrance is a perpendicular hole, resembling in shape, a large well, which opens perpendicularly into the earth a distance of perhaps thirty feet. At the base of the "well" is a large chamber of circular shape being some forty feet in diameter. Around the walls of the chamber are layers or beds of solid ice. With a hatchet, large chunks of clear, solid ice could be cut out. The room, as may be supposed, is exceedingly cool and quite damp, and the torches revealed hoar frost, covering the surface of the rocks. It is said that ice is found in this place every day in the year. Some years ago a cow fell into the entrance, and the owner, to prevent further mishap, caused a lot of timber sticks and other debris to be thrown in, which, instead of being an impediment, is a great assistance to the explorer in effecting an entrance.

The next exploration we made was into the "Dry Cave." This is only one of the appartments or rooms of the great cave. Ingress is obtained by means of a sort of back-door entrance, which, if you crawl along on hands and knees for about twenty feet, leads you into the first chamber, to which the reader is invited to inspect by means of our three "wide awake lamps." The hollow space is in the shape of an oblate spheroid. The floor is almost level. As you peer about you, dusky figures seem to rise from the floor as if to meet the petrified isicles pendent from the ceiling. It is easy to look at them until they take the forms of human figures, beasts, birds and the production of art, until your imagination makes it an antediluvian cathedral with the wierd looking petrified remains of all sorts of ancient people, forms of animals, trees, statuary—all turned into stone. The roof is some thirty feet above the floor at the highest point. From most every square foot were pendent cones or cylinders of carbonate of lime, resembling isicles in form, and attached to the roof or side of the cavern. The only sound, save our own voices, was the constant drip, drip of water, that percolated the rocks above, which received therefrom bi-carbonate of lime. This agency is all that nature employed to build this subterranean temple. We spent an hour wandering through the aperture. Then we passed through a fissure in the rocks, about large enough for a tall man to pass through without stooping, into another smaller room. The floor is covered with slimy clay. There are few objects of interest here, except that, by clambering over a ledge of rocks, and passing down a descent two rods, we come to the water cave, the principal cave in the whole system, which we next visited.

Retracing our course, we came out of the dry cave and passed over a distance of about sixty rods to the water cave. This cave is not difficult to enter. The entrance is in the shape of a funnel which, at the widest part, is four or five rods in diameter. The base is probably twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, from which the dishing lime-stone rocks project upward a distance of one hundred feet. Some of the boulders are of immense size, and overhang the entrance as if threatening to crash down and exterminate us. When we got to the water's edge, the change in the temperature was quite perceptible. The temperature was so low that our breath congealed. Knowing how cold it would be, we had provided ourselves with extra clothing, and having donned them, we lit our torches and entered the boat that lay at the landing. The water has a deep blueish appearance, and, six feet from the shore, was found to be fifteen feet deep. There were six of us in the boat, including the guide. We pushed off and passed down under the rocks, into the darkness. In passing the first half dozen rods from the entrance we noticed that the roof of the cave was of solid lime-stone, in the shape of an arch; there were but few seams or crevices. The side walls were solid, scraggy and dry. The water, in all the places where we tried the depth, was from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, except one place, which was deeper, but how much we could not tell, because we had nothing that would measure more than the above distance.

After we had passed the second turn in the winding course of the aperture, we came into the first chamber, which is called the "Museum." We imagined this room to be thirty feet wide and, at the highest point in the dome, fully forty feet from the water. Here the stream was eighteen feet deep. On both sides is a smooth beach of solid rock. Standing all around the walls of the room are stalagmites of all forms and dimensions. Many of them resemble animals or parts of an animal, and the room looks like an extensive butcher shop, where all kinds of animals were being killed—and all suddenly turned into stone. You can see the hind-quarter of a white elephant here, the head of a horse there, arms, heads, bones, and complete forms of all sorts of animals, displaying more variety than many a menagerie. At one point is a complete lion's head, mane, and all a most complete representation.

But the ceiling is the curiosity. Stalactites of most beautiful forms hang from the ceiling, singly or in groups. Then they run along the surface of the roof and wind around and intertwine like huge reptiles. We noticed one that looked like a huge boa constrictor curled around a large rock that jetted from the side of the cavern. No attempt of ours will give an adequate idea of this wonderful cavern—the "museum" must be seen to be appreciated.

After wandering around here for half an hour, we embarked again, and our guide paddled down the stream a quarter of a mile; the roof is lower all along this distance and the walls come closer together, and we had to keep dodging about our lamps and heads to avoid the rows of stalactites that hang from the roof. Finally we came to the "Needle's Eye," where the aperture is so contracted that the boat barely squeezed through, and we all had to lay down to pass under the arch. When we got through, however, we were well repaid, for we found ourselves in the largest chamber of all, which is called the "Conservatory." This name is given it because of the wonderful imitations of plants and trees to be found here. The stream is broad and smooth, and not at any other place is there the least preceptible motion of the water. Its taste is very pleasant and very cold and fresh, but there are no indications any place as to which way the current leads. There are more stalactites in this room than the other. They stand up like trees without branches—stumps from three to seven feet high, thickly planted. The stalactites are also different; they mainly take the form of vegetable growth. Hanging here and there from the ceiling are huge piles of "tobacco leaves," as the guide called them. They answered that description better than any other we can think of. Here we were shown the "feather bed," which looks like a vast pile of feathers spread out upon the floor. In other places the deposits take the form of immense sea shells fastened to rocks.

We again crossed the stream and found our way through a narrow passage to the "Dry Cave," spoken of above. Then we took the boat and followed on till we came to the end of the cavern, the rocks bearing down so closely to the water's edge that we could go no further. Here we backed till we could turn the boat, and then we started for daylight, after going a short distance we put the lights out to see how dark it was. We never felt such fearful Egyptian darkness; we could almost cut it with a knife; it pressed against our eyes until they pained. Then we listened and nothing was heard but the continual drip, drip of water from the rocks into the stream. Now we shouted, and a thousand echoes answered and reanswered, taking two or three minutes to complete the job. When we reached daylight we were completely chilled through, notwithstanding our warm clothing. We were about half a mile under ground—some of our party were sure the distance is greater—but the guide assured us that the distance is just halt a mile. The stream is supposed to be the head of Penns Creek, which comes to the surface a short distance below the far end of the cave, where the volume of water is about the same as in the cave. Penns Creek is a considerable stream, and assumes the proportions of a river at its confluence with the Susquehanna, about three miles below Selins grove.

——S. A. Brew & Son know how to strike a fellow in a tender place. They have been receiving daily large invoices of peaches from the city, big, luscious peaches, and on Thursday last they invited us to come over to their mammoth store and eat away at the peaches till either the peaches or ourself gave out. The fruit held out longer than we expected, and we were able to be about again on the following Saturday. If people did not already know that Brew's store is the best and cheapest in the county, we'd write them a big puff.

——We saw the new bank building of the Centre Hall Banking Co., on Saturday. It's a neat little thing, and would make a pleasant little ornament to hang on a person's watch chain.

——Our military company, headed by a drum corps, paraded our streets on Friday evening. They carried their muskets and other trappings, and looked as if something was going to happen.

——There! what 'd we tell you last January? Every peach tree in Jersey and Delaware is loaded down until every limb has to be held up with a clothes-prop, and S. A. Brew & Son are retailing car-loads of them.

——Col. Wilken's Regt., 5th N. G., of which "our company" is a part, will be reviewed to-morrow. We call the attention of officers and men to the direction in the order, that persons, uniforms, arms, and equipments, must be neat and kept in good order.

——We are requested to state, that S. P. Joy, of Mifflin county, has been missing for six weeks, and his family desire information concerning him. Look him up. It may seem a small matter to you, but if you were his wife, and were aching to fasten your hands in his hair,——

——We had the pleasure of listening to an excellent sermon on Sunday morning last, by Rev. Fisher, the new Lutheran preacher in Centre Hall. Mr. F. is a young man of fine powers, and will doubtless stir up those worldly Centre Hall people to a realizing sense of their duty. They need it. Hon. Fred. Kurtz sings in the choir.

——A brick is simply a chunk of clay roasted to death. It is not large; it does not weigh much; it is a very trifle compared to a mountain, and yet, a man working at a new house on Linn street, gave another a thrashing on Saturday, because the latter playfully shied a brick which collided with his head, back of the ear.

——Col. Isaac May has retired his interest in the well-known dry goods and general merchandizing house of Loeb, May & Loeb, of this place. Colonel May has been in active business life for many years and now at a ripe old age he retires, proposing to spend the balance of his days in quiet. The establishment will be continued in the firm name of S. & A. Loeb, the remaining partners, who have conducted the business for many years.

KILLED.—Michael Gallagher, says the *Journal*, miner in the Ocean Colliery, met with a fatal accident on Thursday, the 26th. Shortly after a successful blast he proceeded to his room for the purpose of loading the coal. Noticing that a large amount of it still hung to the roof, he very foolishly began undermining, for the porpose of letting it down, but alas! it came too soon. A few blows, and the immense mass fell upon its victim, crushing out the life, that but a moment before was full of the vigor of manhood. The remains were brought to Osceola and interred on the 27th ult. Messrs. Whiteman & Co. bearing all expenses, amounting to $34.70.

——The brethren of the M. E. Church, at Pleasant Gap, undertook to make their church building another story higher last week. They attempted to raise the structure and put the additional story nearest the ground. Jackscrews were applied, and about the time the building was up high enough to give room for the story under, the entire fabric gave way and fell to pieces. This catastrophy necessitates a new church, and Rev. Galbraith, the pastor in charge, is just the man to undertake the job.

——Two horses were stolen from the stable of Mr. George Dotts, of Becaria township, Clearfield county, on the night of Tuesday, August 24, after his return home from the camp-meeting near Glenn Hope. On Wednesday morning, discovering his loss, he traced them to some point near New Millport, where he lost the tracks, and was unable to gain any information as to the probable course taken from thence by the thieves. Farmers, and others, should exercise considerable care over their stock, to prevent it being stolen.

LEVI A. MILLER, ESQ.—The report of the proceedings of the Republican County Convention published last week, inadvertently did injustice to the gallant Republican, whose name heads this notice. He was a candidate for treasurer against his own wishes, being forced out by his friends. In the primary elections a number of townships instructed for him, but, desiring the nomination to be awarded to Col. Bayard, Mr. Miller, when his name was proposed in the Convention, arose and, in a neat and manly speech, withdrew his name. Despite this withdrawal, four of his delegates voted for him, and the proceedings show that he received only 4 votes without any further explanation. Mr. Miller is one of our most energetic and earnest Republicans, and has headed many a campaign and fought the battle through nobly, although the odds have generally been against us. But the time is coming, and is not far distant, when the party will reward Mr. Miller as he justly deserves.

OPENING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—On Monday last our borough schools opened, after a vacation of four months. The corps of teachers is as follows:

W. C. Heinle—principal, and teacher of High School.
Mr. Baker—assistant principal, and teacher of Senior Grammer School.
Miss Rosa Woods—Junior Grammer School.
Miss Laura Graham—first Intermediaet school.
Miss. Anna McCaffrey—second Intermediate school.
Miss Molly Nesbit—third Intermediate school.
Mrs. Bella Given—first Primary school.
Miss Sadie Caldwell—second Primary school.
Miss Bella Rankin—third Primary school.
——— ———, colored school.

The above ladies and gentlemen are all experienced teachers, and were selected by the Board of Directors on account of their peculiar fitness for the positions. Some changes have been made by the Board in the curriculum and text-books, all of which are doubtless for the better. We sincerely hope our schools and teachers may have a pleasant and prosperous term of it. Parents, directors, friends, all should join hands with the teachers to give them aid and encouragement. The work is so wearying, so unending, so full of all manner of discouragements, that the stoutest heart will weaken at length. Thompson it was who said, "Delightful task, to rear the tender thought," but Thompson could not have been a teacher. Preachers and speakers, and other sentimentalists, all talk of "delightful task," "final reward," "moulding the young mind," and so on, *ad nauseam*. They never sat down in a hot room among three or four dozen dirty, disagreeable youngsters, with weak noses, and tried to hold their attention during the labor of worrying through a half hour's recitation. Our corps, starting in this week, all of whom we know very well, are an earnest, pains-taking, and, in many respects, capable body. Their culture is certainly equal to the demands, and surely far ahead of the supposed salary equivalent. What they need—were they never so competent—from their patrons is guidance, encouragement and assistance, and not advice. One or two feminine scolds, who is rearing a brood of ten or a dozen young statesmen, can give enough advice, after one of her darlings has received a well-deserved correction, to last the teacher a number of months. The teacher must go through the drudging, day by day, hearing her class of parrots repeat the words of the text book back-writers. No charge, no interested parent to visit them, nothing but monotonous routine made lazy by regularity and good ventilation. This is the gloomy side of the teacher's work; but then it has its brighter side; for, in spite of ignorance and incapacity and false conservatism, our educational methods improve, and the schools and all connected with them improve. Let teachers and pupils take heart, and begin the winter's work determined to make it, not a drudgery, but a genuine, living, earnest progress onward. What this opening session shall be worth to pupils it is largely for the teachers to determine, so far as the parents will give them opportunity and the confidence they must demand. What the teachers can do—whether their work shall be harmonized and well directed, or scattered and wasted—depends most on those "whose official duty is the direction of the schools." If they are incompetent it is the business of the people to turn them out. And so all this matter of the schools comes back at least to every individual citizen of the borough; for the public schools are likely to be just as good as the public demand, and not any better.

SAD DEATHS.—On Saturday morning last, Mr. J. H. Meyers and wife, with a number of friends, arrived in Bellefonte from Rochester, bringing with them the dead bodies of their two little girls, Nellie and Lulu. Mr. M. is well known here, having spent a greater portion of his life in the county. The children were taken off by diptheria, while Mr. Meyers was on his return trip from Europe, having sailed from Liverpool a week or more before his children died. He had been abroad for some months, and a sad welcome awaited his return. The funeral took place immediately after the arrival of the train. A large number of our citizens following the remains of the children to Union Cemetery, where they were interred in the lot owned by Mr. Meyers. Another of their children has been attacked by the same disease but hopes are entertained of its recovery. This is a sad, sad bereavement, and has cast a gloom over the community.

——Everybody in need of furnishing goods should call on Montgomerys, and examine their fine stock of cloths and cassimeres, hats, caps, shirts, cuffs, collars, neck ties and etc. They have the largest, best and cheapest stock in town. Mr. Montgomery has just returned from the city, with all the fall styles. Call and see.

WASHINGTON GRANGE, No. 157, P. of H.
Sept. 6, 1875.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A grand basket pic-nic and the dedication of the new Grange Hall, of Weshington Grange, No. 157, will come off in Ferguson township, on Wednesday, Sept. 15. A general invitation is extended to all.

D. H. YOUNG.

——The Centre Hall Odd Fellows are building a new hall, which will be dedicated shortly.

——At a meeting of the Democratic Senatorial conferees, held in this place on Monday, Sept. 2, Joshua Calub Cushing Walley, of the Clinton "Democrat," was made chairman, and Cyrus Tecumseh Alexander-the-Great was appointed Secretary. Then they went to balloting for a senatorial delegate.

Andrew Jackson Quigley, of Clinton; Julius Gibborius Larimer, of Horntown; and John Anderson Moore, of Clearfield, were nominated, when they voted six times, and, on taking account of stock, found that nobody was elected. Then John Anderson Moore withdrew, and left the struggle in the hands of the West Branch sage and the Horntown philosopher. The next ballot decided the issue. The sage received seven votes and the other philosopher but two. On receipt of this intelligence the sage was invited in and, with much spirit, proceeded to address the conference, substantially in the following language:

GENTLEMEN & LADIES, I feel that I have been honored. The old Ship of State is out at sea with a contemptuous captain. All on board may be lost if we dont fly to the pumps and stop up the leaks. We must bring her safely in to port. The political atmosphere is overclouded with portentious and fearful forebodings of storms. The time is coming, nay, verily, is at hand when the American eagle will be plucked of every feather in his pinions. Wherever corruption shall raise its hydra head, there the thunder will fall and the rain roar the hardest. We must lay the axe to the root of the tree, and stand from under when she falls. We want such men as A. C. Noyes, and Samuel J. Tilden, and myself, to do the work. We are men, stern, like Andy Jackson, firmly fixed upon eternal principles, and by the Eternal, we shall succeed. I have passed through the fires of affliction, and have been purged by that mild purgative, S. R. Peale, who beat me for Senate in this district. Sound the alarum! Give us liberty or gives us death. The man lies who said I wanted to be a Modoc last Fall. See the lurid political atmosphere, how it darkens. Let us up and be doing. In the language of Soloman, "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour." The bonds should be paid in gold or silver or paper, and at a higher or lower rate of interest. Simon Snyder and Francis R. Skunk, old Governors, were great disinfectants. Hoopla!

Adjourned.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.—It is natural for people suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint or any derangements of the digestive organs, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend, or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. But if you will go to your Druggists, F. P. Green and J. Zeller & son and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER your immediate cure is as as certain as your life. Sample Bottles of this medicine can be obtained for 10 cents to try its superior virtue.

Regular size 75 cents. Try it, two doses will relieve you.

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PERSONALS.—Gen. Wm. Mitchel, of Gen. Hancock's staff, is visiting relatives in this county.

—Mr. D. C. Keller, from Philadelphia, is again on our streets and shakes hands with everybody he meets.

—Count Van Turkheim left Bellefonte for Germany on Friday last. Good fellow, plenty of money, well bred, agreeable, and somewhat fond of a stimulant.

—On last Sunday, Mr. Jacob Burkert, of Rebersburg, had his thigh broken, and also sustained a fracture of the thigh-bone down to the knee, by a kick from a horse. The injury sustained is a painful and serious one, and we trust Mr. Burkert may recover without the loss of the limb or life.—*Reporter.*

DIED.

In Milesburg, on Wednesday, September 1, 1875, Mrs. Catherine Parterage, in the 73d year of her age.

Mrs. Parterage was a native of England, and migrated to this country and settled in Milesburg about thirty-five years ago. She became a member of the Methodist church when a girl, and had been identified with the same up to the time of her death. She was a good woman, possessed of a kind and gentle disposition, doing at all times what she believed to be right. She, indeed, had many trials in life, but bore them all with a Christion resignation, and we have every reason to believe she is now enjoying a happy rest in the eternal mansions of the blest.

Though her remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of friends and neighbors, yet it was sad to note the fact that among all that assemblage there was not one relative of the deceased present to drop a tear upon the clods that were hiding her forever from mortal gaze. But the birds will sing their sweet songs as they flit gayly through the branches of the trees, near where they have laid her to rest; the breath of the innocent roses will linger around the lone spot, and the sods upon her grave will grow just as green as though they were placed there by the kind hands of her dear friends in their far off home beyond the sea. Peace to her ashes.